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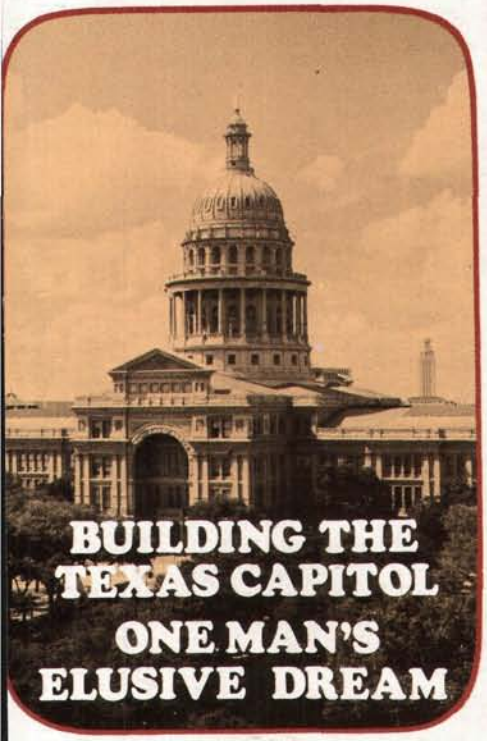
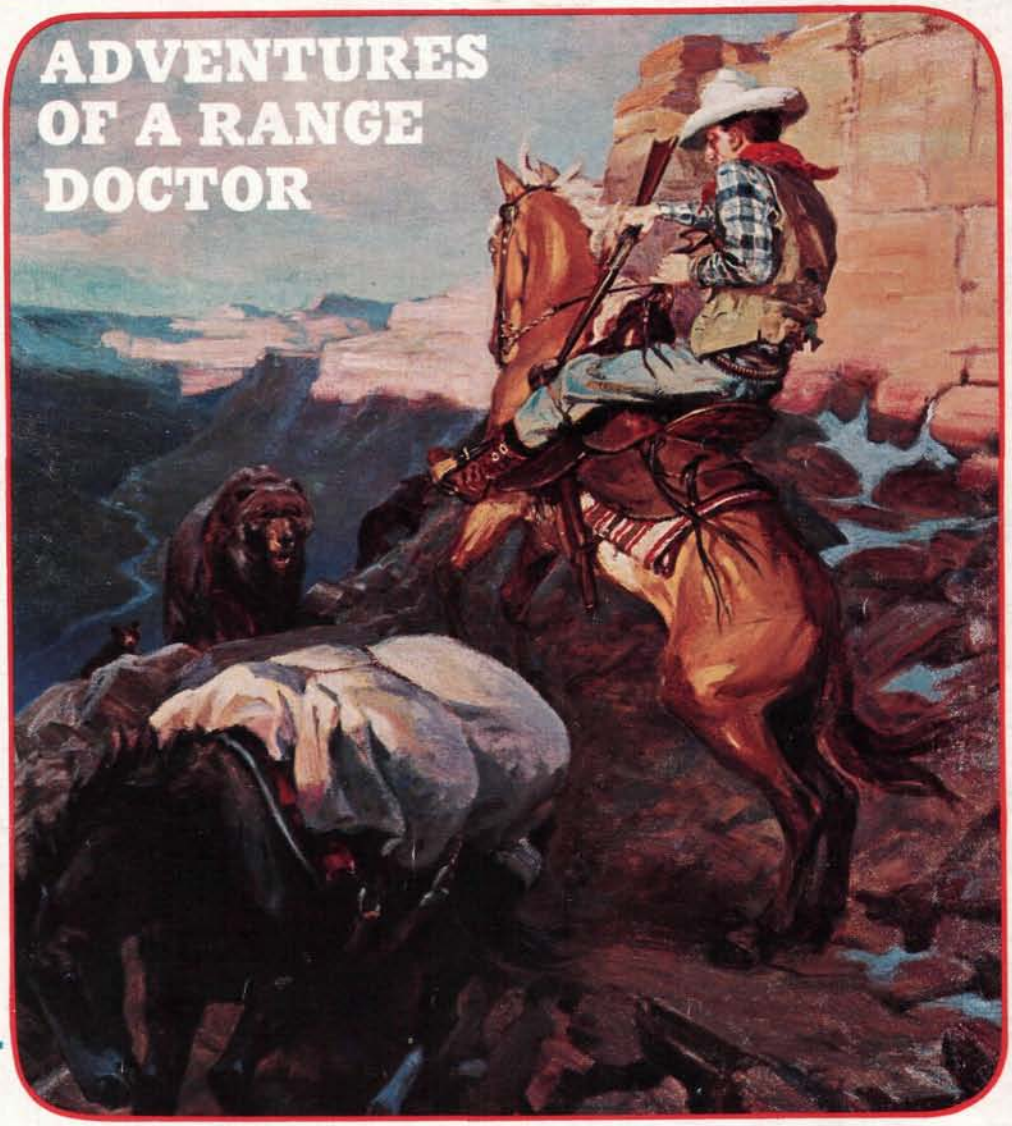


BUILDING THE TEXAS CAPITOL
ONE MAN'S ELUSIVE DREAM

KIT'S BROTHER— MOSES CARSON



ADVENTURES OF A RANGE DOCTOR

CHIEF SCARBREAST RAIDS ORAIBI

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. When did Thomas A. Edison bring out the successful cylinder records? T.W., South English, Ia.

A. Though Edison had worked on the process earlier, it was not until 1902 that he succeeded in developing the standard "gold moulded" process through which the two-minute wax cylinders could be produced in uniform quality and in volume (both sales and sound-wise). At the peak of production, Edison's records were produced at a volume of 150,000 per day in 1906. Up until 1915 Edison recorded some of the greatest voices in the world and made famous the great "Marches From Sousa," and others.

Q. What is the story of the subscriber who found a spider in his newspaper and asked Mark Twain if it was a lucky or unlucky sign? I believe Mark Twain was then working on a Nevada newspaper. W.L.T., Jarbidge, Nev.

A. The story is perhaps only allegorical, but here it is: A superstitious subscriber found the spider in the weekly paper, and wrote Twain asking if it was a lucky omen. Mark replied, "The finding of this spider is neither lucky nor unlucky. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what merchant was not advertising so that it could spin its web across his door and lead a free and undisturbed existence forever after."

Q. Are there any true Lobo wolves left in the West? Where did they get the name? T.D., Altonah, Tex.

A. The name *lobo* came from the Spanish. It was applied to many wolves in the early west, gray wolves, timber wolves, etc. The true Lobo did once range the Rocky Mountain and Great Plains areas from Great Slave Lake in northern Canada to New Mexico and Texas but its ferocity and danger to the livestock business caused the cattlemen to almost exterminate it. The true Lobo is built somewhat along the lines of the Husky dog, wears a heavy coat of gray fur with soft underfur. It is a powerful animal, sometimes measuring nearly six feet from nose-tip to tail-tip. Strangely enough some of the few remaining Lobos are maintained at the Lobo Wolf Park, near Kane, Pa. The writer's mother saw Lobos in Nebraska in the 1880's and told how they would kill full-grown cattle, then leave them to "ripen" a few days before eating them. If any true Lobos are left in the west, they are in wilderness areas in the Rocky Mountains or the great National Parks.

Q. Can you tell me something of old Fort St. Vrain in Colorado? S.L.F., Valley Springs, Cal.

A. The original fort was built in 1837 by Ceran St. Vrain, a French trapper, to supply the fur trade. The location is northwest of present Platteville, Colorado. With the collapse of the fur trade in 1844, the fort was abandoned, but was re-opened as a general store in 1846. It served as the Weld County seat when the Territory of Colorado was formed, with a post office there in 1870. Today the Public Service Company of Colorado operates the 330,000-kilowatt St. Vrain Nuclear Generating Station on this location, and maintains an Information Center about the old fort there. Visitors are welcome.

Q. Which Department of the U.S. Government has the closest contact with the American people. H.D., Fremont, Nebr.

A. I would say the U.S. Post Office Department. Postal servants contact almost every American home every day. Though frequently criticized, they have provided faithful service to all of us.

Q. When a colt is born, which part of him arrives first? E.H., Columbus, Ohio.

A. Normally he comes into the world head first and with his front feet. Mama breaks the covering sack, licks him clean and in a few hours he's on his feet and nursing.

Q. Was Buffalo Bill Cody ever in politics? H.H., Big Springs, Nebr.

A. Yes, he was elected to the Nebraska Legislature on the Democratic ticket in 1872 at the age of 26.

Q. How can I make sourdough bread starter? Mrs. H.K., Vernal, Utah.

A. There may be better ways, but here's one: Soak a cake of yeast in water until dissolved. Add two tablespoons of sugar and enough flour to make a soft batter. Let stand two days if warm weather, longer if cold. To use it, add a tablespoon of sugar and a teaspoon of soda, stir, and it's ready to use. Save some of the starter by just adding flour and water. As you use from the starter, just add a tablespoon of sugar and a teaspoon of soda for your biscuits. An egg will improve your biscuits if stirred into the dough. Keep your starter covered, and warm, so it will continue to "work."

Q. Who doctored the men when they fell sick or were badly injured on the long, Texas trail drives in the old days? H.E.L., Meade, Ks.

A. The writer once asked Oliver Nelson, then 94, old T5 camp cook and cowboy, this identical question. "Oh, they'd ride in the wagon a few days. Some were buried along the trail," he said. With the few and simple remedies carried by the camp cook, and by his honest but inadequate ministrations, most of the young trail drivers recovered. But it was a mighty poor place for a really sick man.

Q. Can you give me some information on the Sherburne, Minnesota bank holdup in 1896? V.F., Sioux Falls, S.D.

A. On October 7, 1896, two young brothers by the name of Kellihan from Rock Rapids, Iowa held up the Bank of Sherburne, killing O.J. Oestern of Luverne, Minn., and the cashier, George Thorborn. They secured about $1,000 cash. A posse headed by Marshal Gallion of Bancroft, Iowa surrounded a house near Elmore where the brothers had hidden. Gallion was killed by the two boys, *who fled, strange as it seems, on bicycles*! Hans, the younger of the two brothers, shot himself. The older Kellihan was arrested and taken to jail at Fairmont, Minnesota. The two brothers were amateurs, neither having a bad record before, and had probably been influenced by stories of the James Brothers and the Daltons.

Q. How many bushels of grain could be threshed in a day with the old steam-engine-separator combination (threshing rig)? A.F.S., Steamboat Springs, Colo.

A. Warren Bomberger, Sargent, Nebraska, who owns a Case engine and separator, says such a rig threshed about 1,600 bushels of wheat daily. The engine required 1,600 pounds of coal to deliver a head of 75-lbs of steam pressure for that day's work. When new, such a Case engine used a pressure of 150 pounds. Such threshing rigs came into use about 1890 and passed into limbo in the early 1930's. The threshing rig was pulled from farm to farm by the steam engine and did custom threshing. The wheat had been cut and bound into bundles with a binder, shocked, and was then hauled and fed into the separator. Straw from the separator was left in stacks; sometimes it was burned, but usually it was used for bedding livestock and for feed. ●

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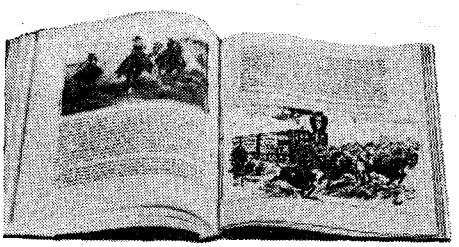

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

MAY 1974 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 10

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WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!

If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS! This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

- **A discotheque where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet them!**
- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- **A *nude* beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!**
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

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Baltimore	Houston	Philadelphia
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"NO MAN SHOULD VISIT ANOTHER CITY WITHOUT THIS BOOK IN HIS SUITCASE!" *Steve Tuttle*

Here's a book that can turn your very next business trip into the time of your life. So don't just dream of finding a great-looking sexy girl in Chicago or Dallas or New York. This trip you can actually do it. Instead of the dull, no-action places cab drivers always recommend, this book will instantly take you to the kind of bars and discotheques you've been looking for—places where you're virtually assured of meeting a pretty, friendly stewardess, or nurse, or model to talk with, dance with, and, more than likely, sleep with.

WHERE TO MEET GIRLS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

Most guys don't think of their own towns as good places to pick up girls. Well, this book is going to change all that. Because it's going to show you *foolproof* pick up spots *within five miles of your own home!* You probably never thought of them as good places to pick up girls. But the fact is they're just loaded with *eager* women who would love nothing more than to get their hot little hands on you!

THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Don't waste one more Friday night wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS costs only $7.95—*less* than what you could waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. So send for your copy this instant. Whether you're in a big city a thousand miles away from home, or in your very own neighborhood, this book will lead you straight to dozens of girls who are sitting there waiting for you *at this very moment.*

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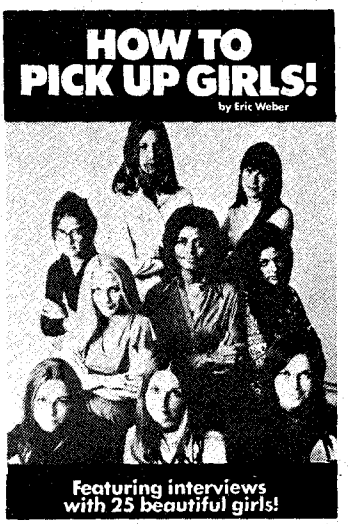

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WANTED: Those with similar interests.

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INTERESTED IN: Ghost towns, western books.
WANTED: Those interested in hunting, fishing.

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(Continued on page 65)

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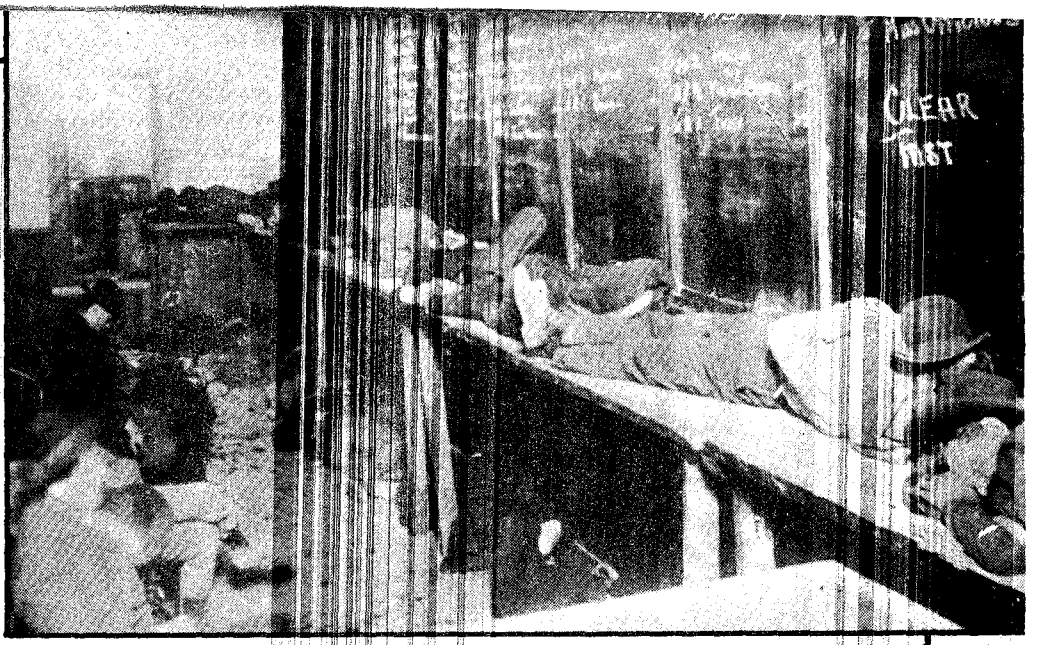

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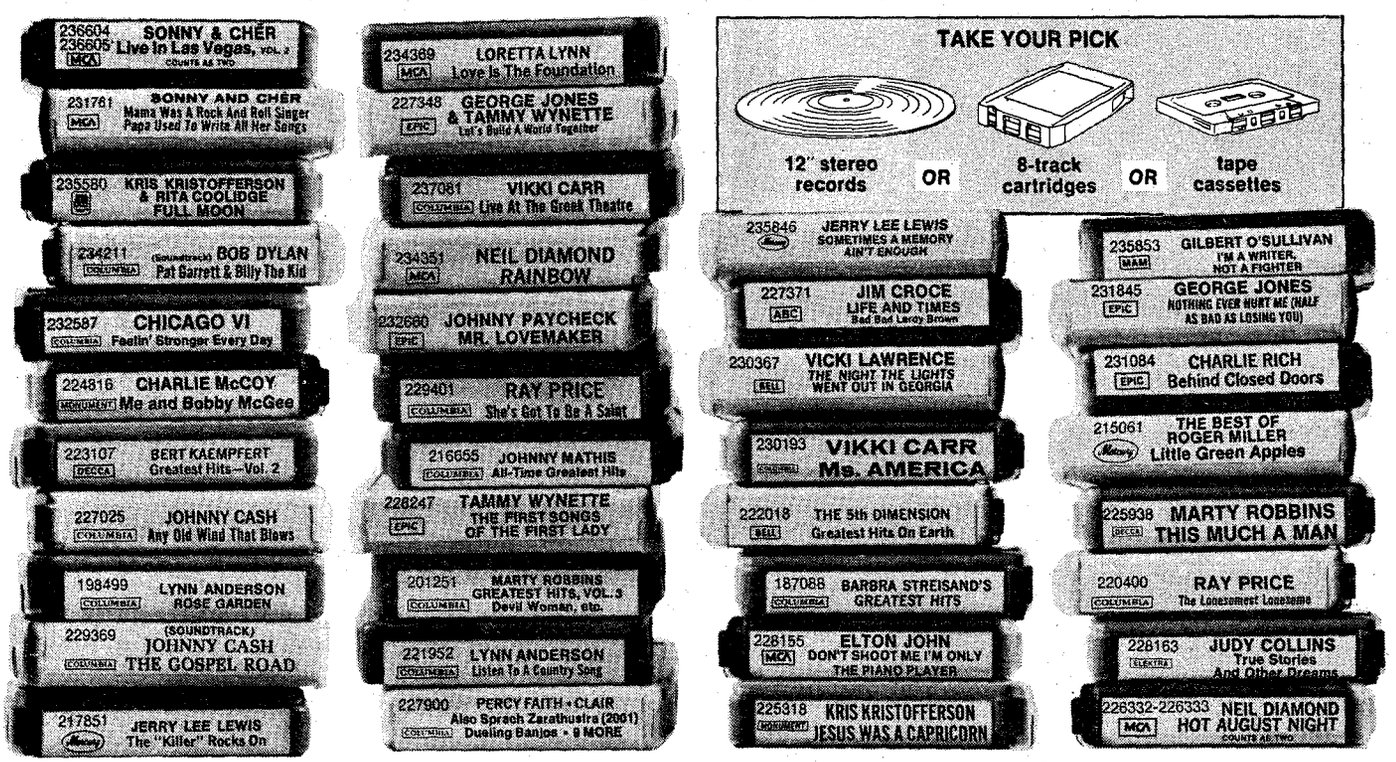

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THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

THE ARCTIC WOLVES

THIS WAS IN the early fall of 1914. We'd had a rather dry summer and our winter pasture was not too good. The location was near the Colorado-Wyoming line. We lived on the Wyoming side near the Old Oregon Trail, which ran just east of the Boulder Ridge mountains, which ran north and south, and was a wonderful source of house logs, corral poles, fence posts, and of course fire wood. Both pitch pine for heating and quaking aspen for the kitchen range (really wonderful for baking) were available.

Then, of course, there were lodgepole pine that made wonderful building logs for houses. Then there was the burned over timber. That left down timber with pitch hearts that made good posts for fencing.

When we first went there, there were hardly any fences. Therefore, this brought on some of controversy when the sod busters began arriving as the big ranchers hated barb wire.

Anyway, this was the year I saw the arctic wolves. It was also the first time I met the father and son team of trappers known as Rattlesnake Jack, Jack Sr. and Jr.

They were camped in the edge of the timber as along the timber edge seemed to be where most of the fur bearers were. From here you could work the open country and also the timber.

The timber gave you some protection from the west wind which is really severe in that country in the winter. And these particular trappers did not have the best of equipment. They had to travel around a lot to where the game was most plentiful. Also, trapping did not pay as heavy as one would think since the furs had to be shipped out and you took the buyer's word for the value of the pelts as you couldn't very well argue with him since he was generally off in another state.

When I was riding along through the foot hills that fall I smelled the smoke of their fire. Naturally I drifted into their camp and introduced myself and explained my presence in the community.

They invited me to get down and have a bite with them as they were about to have lunch, which I gladly accepted. The cooking didn't look too bad but I could plainly see they seldom washed their hands. So what if there was a little coyote tallow in the bisquits, they still tasted fine. 'Sides, also they had blue grouse, the best tasting chicken that exists.

I asked them how they were doing, and they said "Hardly anything," as the furs were not yet in full prime. They were mostly marking time.

"Do you hire out to the ranchers for haying or for the round up?" I asked.

They said no. Trapping made them a living and they could maintain their freedom that way.

I then asked the older Jack if he knew anything about wolves. He looked up and said, "About as much as the next fellow, I think."

I then told him of the white ones I had seen. I asked, "Could they really be wolves? They were much smaller than the prairie wolves I know quite well and also their ears were tufted like a lynx."

He said, "Yes, they are the true Arctic wolves and they are only half as large as lobos." Then he added, "I suppose you also know of the timber wolf."

I thought at the time it would be rather rough on his wife since she was a small woman and very crippled from an injury when she was a girl. But she was not lacking in spunk. She hopped around and tended camp and fed the hands in true western style. And I can tell you if you should happen by there as I often did you would sure enjoy a good and tasty meal, out in front of the tent if the weather was fair, or back in the tent in stormy weather.

At the time of the incident with the bear Al was out at the mill near the tent sharpening the saw. The boys were up on the hill cutting and skidding logs to be sawed into lumber. I was watching Al file and set the teeth in this large disc saw as I never got over the ingenuity that went into this operation. As you know, cutting three quarter-inch boards from logs in a matter of seconds requires perfect alignment.

Anyway, he was setting the teeth as I leaned against the carriage watching when we heard a lot of commotion in the tent. Edith, the little woman, yelled, "Get out of here!"

Al guessed one of the little kids was aggravating her as she was yelling, and we could see the tent jump out here and there as if she was really after them. All at once something hit the corner of the tent and ripped it wide open. Who should emerge but a big black bear. And right behind him was the little woman beating on Mr. Bear with a broom!

I for one was looking for the nearest tree when the bear decided he'd had enough and left for parts unknown.

When the dust settled I said, "Maw, what was that all about?" (Everybody called her Maw.) She said, "I was down to the creek after a pail of water and when I got back there was that bear standing there by the table helping himself. I decided I wasn't gonna let no bear eat that grub up from my men so I just grabbed the broom and gave him a good whack on the nose. When he turned around I gave him a few more on the other end and I guess I got too rough as he didn't wait to go out through the flaps and tore my tent."

You know this to me was a true western type of woman who would fear nothing in the protection of her brood.

Later they moved back to town and Al sold his mill and his horses and bought another truck, this time a dump type, and started hauling sand and gravel for a living. A building boom had started and there was quite a demand for sand and gravel.

At first he and the boys loaded this material by hand with shovels. This did not suit Al very much so with an old pig scraper, some cable and pulleys plus the motor from an old car and a lot of ingenuity, he built a loading machine.

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This rig sat next to a sand and gravel bar on the river's edge and the scoop had to be loaded by hand as it would not dig in by itself as he did not have the equipment to do this. However, it would dump itself but someone had to handle the levers and stop and reverse it as needed.

So putting the boys at other work, he would wade across the river in order to load the scoop and Edie would run the motor and work the levers to bring the gravel across and dump it, then stop it, and with said levers return it across the river.

They didn't get rich. But they fed their family well and sent them to school with true western ingenuity.

THE BEAR INCIDENT

THIS HAPPENED IN the height of the depression in the late '20s in the mountains above Durango, about halfway to Silverton.

I will call him "Al the Dutchman" as he was a man of German descent. I am not mentioning his real name as he has many living relatives in this area and they may not approve of my telling this tale.

Al was a very intelligent person who had mechanical ability above any man I had ever known when it came to figuring out how to build up mechanical things of most anything he could gather to suit his needs.

He had an old, broken down truck, a couple teams of horses, and, of course, a wagon or two as he had been working in the nearby timber cutting mine props. At the same time was milking a herd of cows and selling milk to the local dairy to be redistributed in the town nearby. He and his wife had four boys and one girl.

Since dairying was getting so many rules set up, he, being of the old school, couldn't go along with all the new, modern equipment that was being enforced upon dairies. He sold his cattle to a big corporation and decided to make his living in the timber.

Since his boys were big enough to work in the woods he moved to the nearby hills into a tent for the summer. This worked fine the first summer as the coal mines were working pretty well and mine prop sales were good.

But in the winter when he moved to town to get the kids in school things got pretty rough. However, since lots of people burned wood and coal in those days he decided he could take his old truck and haul wood from the near hills that had been logged off in the past but leaving lots of down timber that could be used for wood.

Business was good as the demand was great. But the boys, like all young men then and now, balked at coming home every night and sawing wood till dark and all day Saturday and Sunday.

After looking around he was able to pick up a large saw mill saw complete with shafts, bearings, motor and belt. He bought this rather cheap as the company had gone bankrupt.

In setting this up he ran up against a snag. It had been run by steam from a large boiler. The people of the community would not stand still for a steam boiler belching smoke in the community.

This didn't stop the little Dutchman. He just shopped around and got a large electric motor and rigged his saw with a tilting table. He was again in business, thus leaving the boys' evenings free as they could saw the wood in a few hours instead of days.

Thus he did very well that winter. But he dreamed about setting up a one-man saw mill since he had all the equipment. So come spring when the snow melted down in the timber he moved his equip-

(Continued on page 66)

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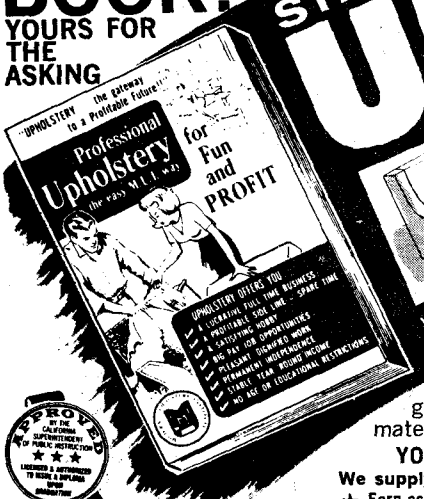

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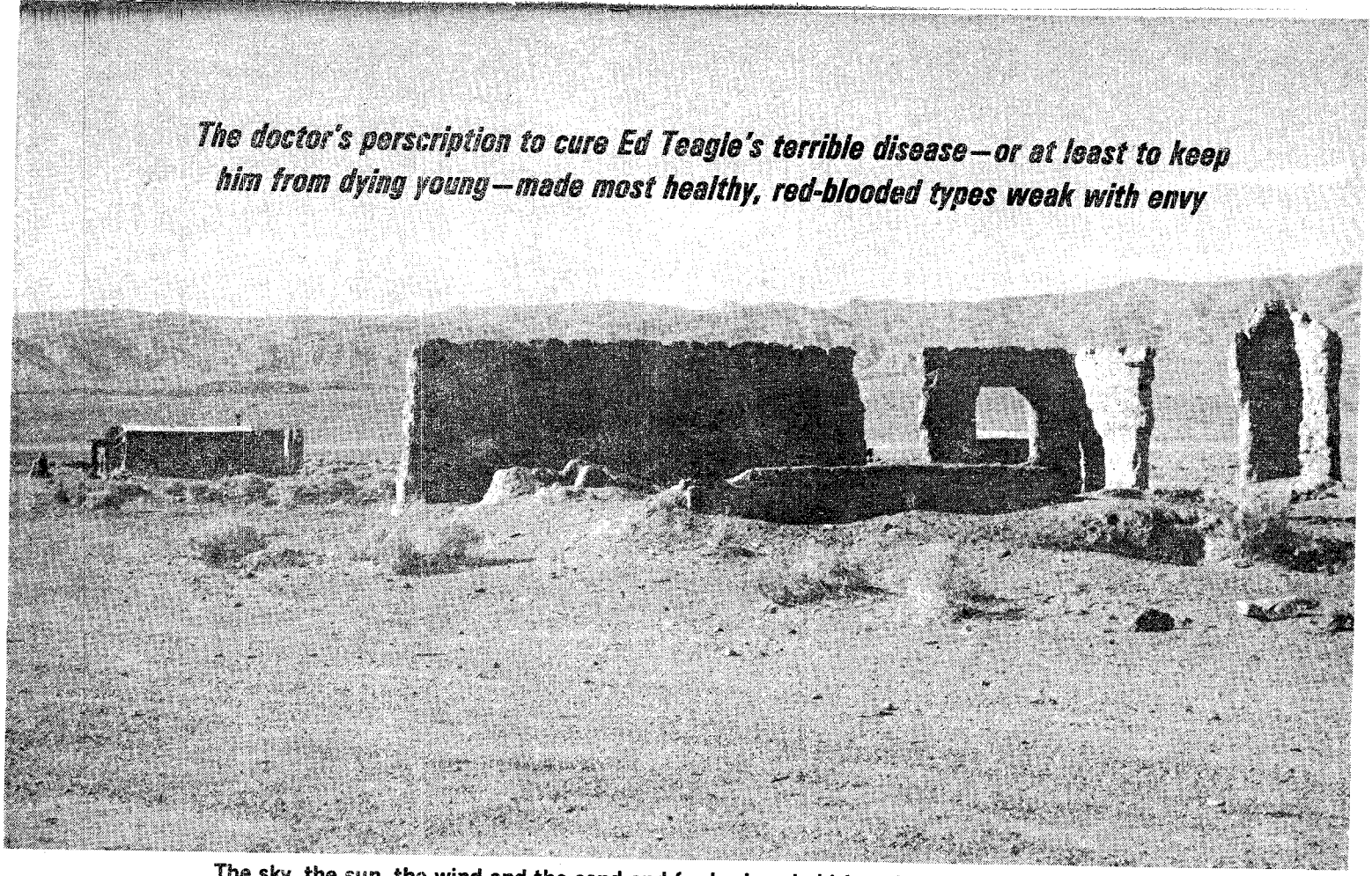
The doctor's perscription to cure Ed Teagle's terrible disease—or at least to keep him from dying young—made most healthy, red-blooded types weak with envy



The sky, the sun, the wind and the sand and far horizon hold fast the ghostly ruins of Ballarat.

by Peter R. Odens

ED TEAGLE'S

Author's photos

Ed Teagle—the whiskey finally tasted awful.

Ed Teagle drank himself to health. This is such a startling fact that it should, perhaps, be repeated. Yes, Ed Teagle drank so much that his health improved and only a short time ago, at the age of 95, Ed's mind was as keen as yours and mine combined.

Ed was born on May 4, 1871 in Richmond, Indiana. Always an adventurous, restless person who could never sit still for long, Ed ran away from home as a teenager and became a cowboy in Texas. But to work for another man was not what he had in mind for himself. He borrowed money from a bank and bought himself some land along the Cimarron River in Kansas which he farmed with enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, Ed wanted so badly to become a success that he worked too hard and, when the black fever attacked him, he fell victim to the disease.

He went to see a physician who advised him to go to California. "Climate's a lot better there," he said, adding, "D'you like to take a drink here or there?"

Ed laughed. "Course I do—well, not too much. Why d'you ask?"

"Because, young feller, if you want to live more'n six months, you better drink a quart of whiskey a day."

"You crazy, or what?" Ed wanted to know.

"Not at all. The whiskey will act as an antidote against the poison in your body."

"Something like fighting fire with fire, eh?" Ed said.

The doctor nodded. "Exactly. But remember one thing—there might come a time when the whiskey won't taste good to you any more."

"Don't think that'll ever happen to me," Teagle said.

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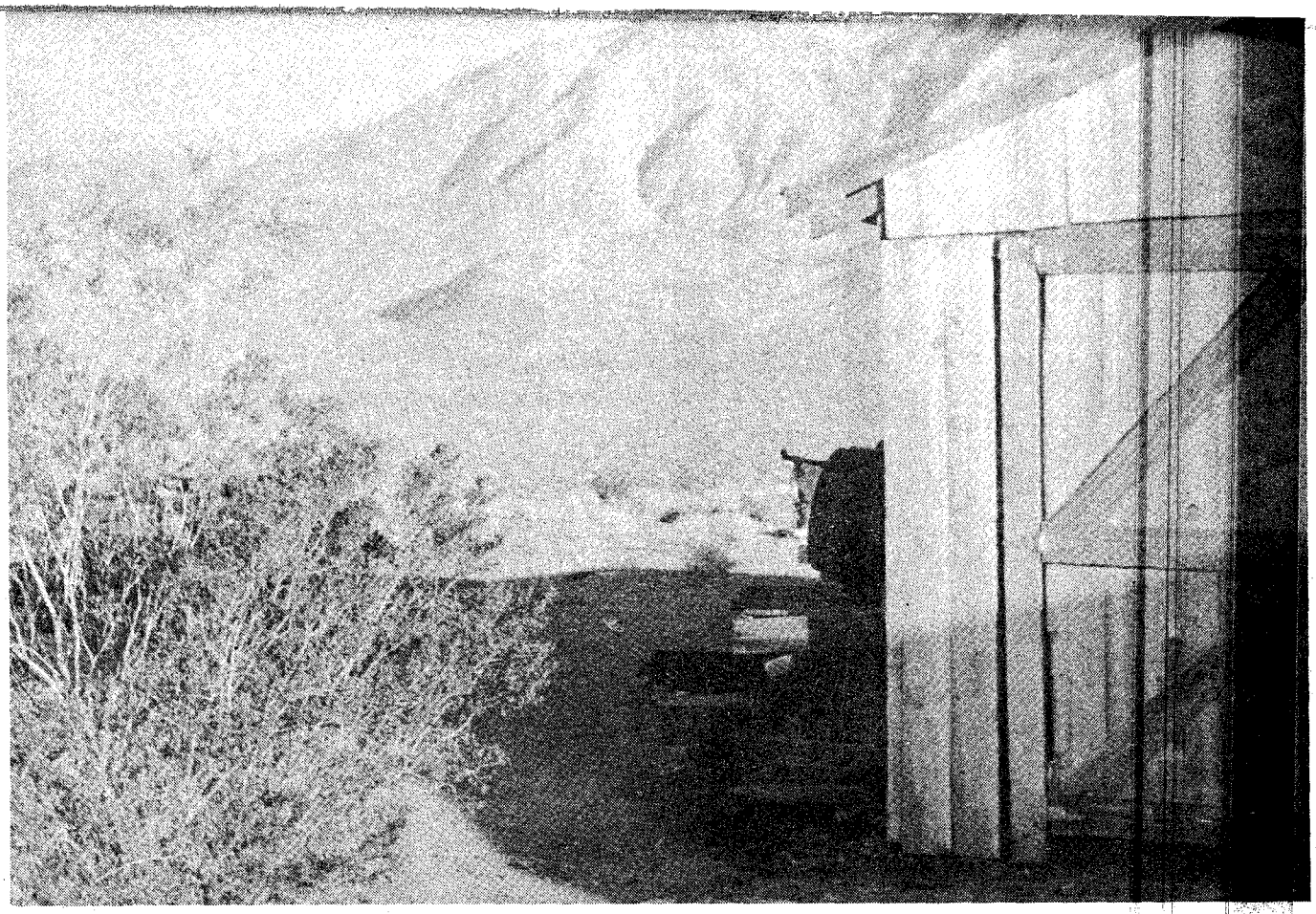

Slate range of the Panamint Mountains as seen from vantage point of Ed Teagle's Gold Mine.

QUART OF WHISKEY

"Hold your horses. The time will come, at least I hope it will. Because when this happens—you're cured. Stop drinking."

Ed followed the doctor's advice. He was a married man, then, with two children. He arranged his affairs so that his family would be taken care of, for he could not think of taking them along to California immediately. But to California he would go, where his brother Charley had already established a profitable business.

Charles Teagle had heard about a fabulous gold strike made by three prospectors in 1895 about a hundred miles north of San Bernadino. This strike started a boom as mine after mine began operating in an area named after the famous Rand district of South Africa. Randsburg and Johannesburg were the two towns which soon sprang up around the famous Yellow Aster and other mines, and within weeks the result of assays became known to the world and brought countless gold seekers to the new diggings. In the years that followed, most mines there developed without outside financing or assistance. To an area which became known as the greatest leasing district in the world was where Charles Teagle had gone and Ed, rugged individualist that he was, followed him there.

Ed became interested in the mining business, but not as a miner. Rather, he bought property, developed it for a short time and then resold it at a profit. He also built himself the Johannesburg Hotel which became known as the largest hotel in the entire southern part of the state, and engaged in the freighting business; he was also his brother's partner in his big general store.

The mild California weather soon made Ed feel better. His hotel flourished and he extended his freight line from Johannesburg to Skidoo via Ballarat. In this charmingly named place, Skidoo, he operated a lumber yard. Ed Teagle became extremely active in civic affairs and, in 1905, brought his family to California.

Through the years he continued to drink his quart of whiskey a day. One day, he went to the bar to buy his daily ration. He took a sip and spat it out violently. "Tastes like heck," he mumbled.

He took it back to the bar. "Your whiskey's no good," he accused the bartender.

"Well now, you've been drinking this same whiskey for a number of years, Ed," the bartender said. "But I'll tell you—you're a good man—and so I'll just give you a new bottle, okay?"

Still a little unhappy, Ed took the second bottle and stalked out of the bar. On his way home he took another sip and found it just as foul-tasting as the first. Angrily he tossed the bottle into a ditch and complained bitterly to his wife about the bad whiskey.

"Ed," she cried, "the whiskey isn't bad! Don't you remember what the doctor told you, years ago? You're cured, Ed, you're cured!"

"By golly, you're right," Ed said happily. He never touched a drop of whiskey from that day on.

There are many stories that Ed Teagle told us as we were sitting in the living room of his block house some eight miles north of Trona. There is a story of how he and his cowboys had a little difference of opinion with the famous Carrie Nation who used to fall down on her knees *(Continued on page 44)*

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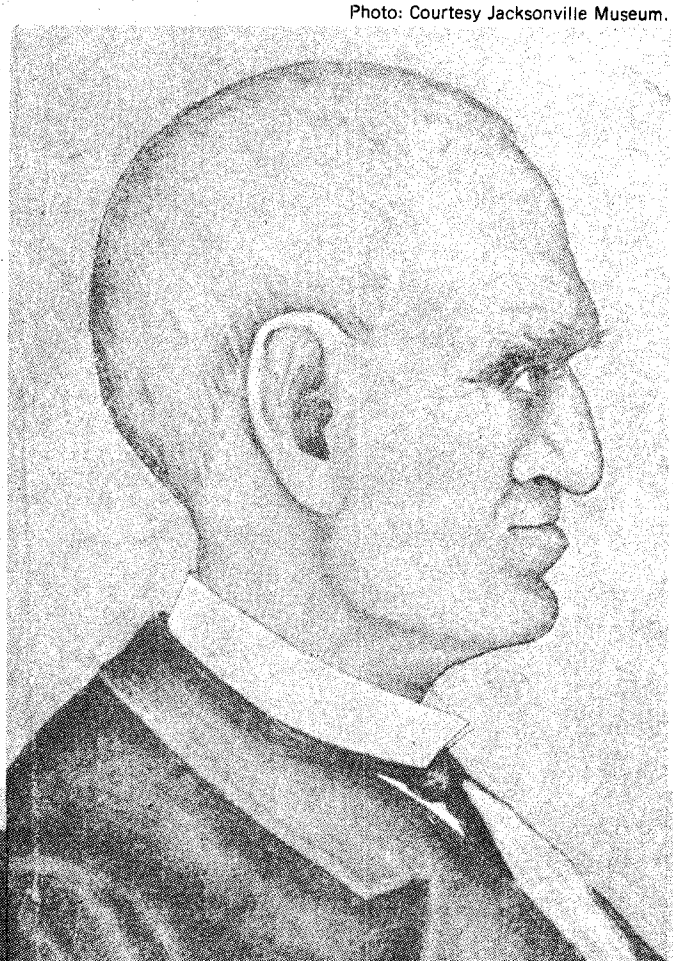
Photo: Courtesy Jacksonville Museum.

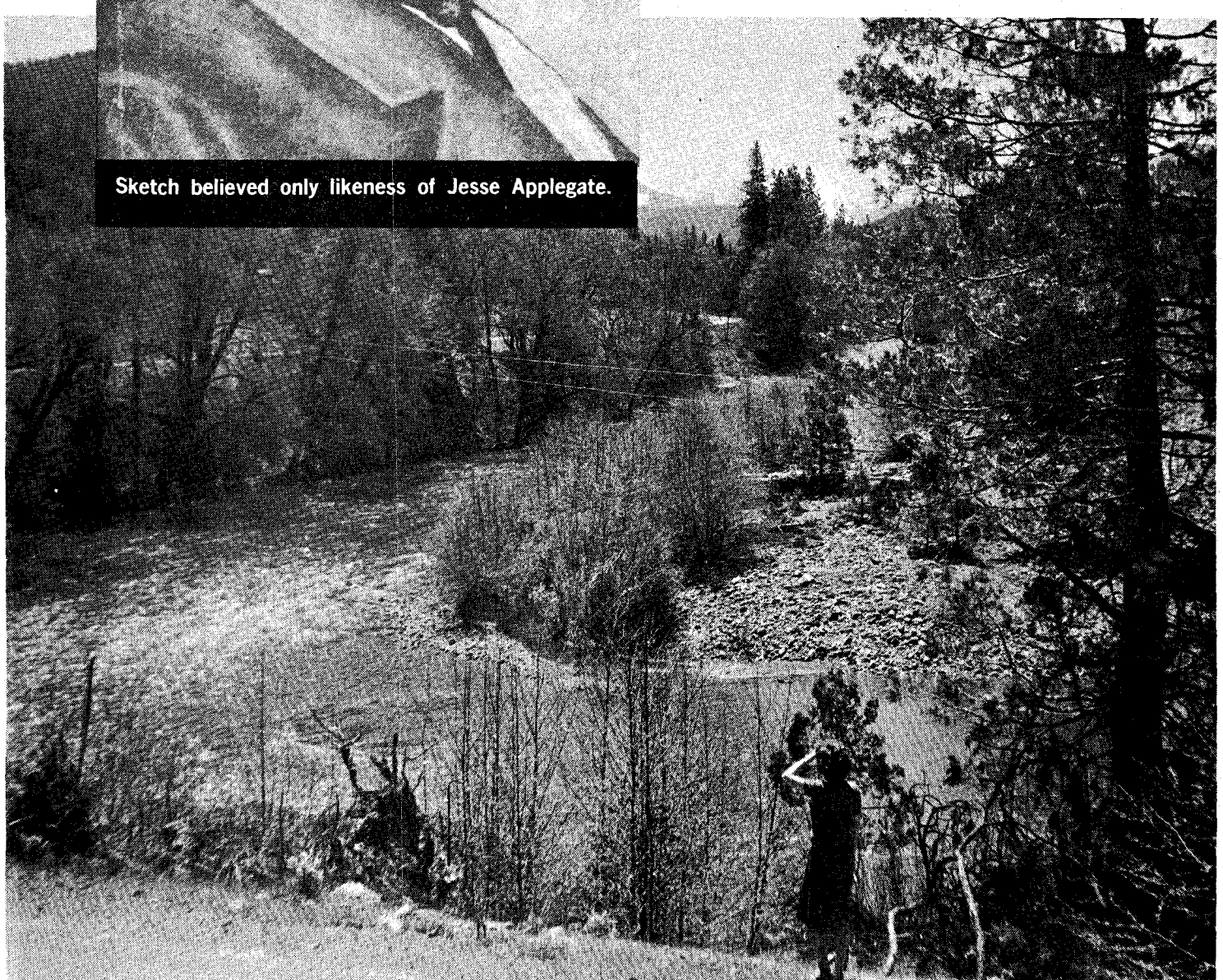


Sketch believed only likeness of Jesse Applegate.

He Pioneered

Following the wilderness trails could be a grim business. At what is now known as Fandango Pass it was necessary to hitch all oxen to a single wagon, which was then lowered over the steep walls. On one crossing a wagon loaded with women and children broke loose and crashed to the canyon floor. There were no survivors

by Arlene J. Fitzgerald



Southern Oregon's Applegate River, named for the pioneering Applegate brothers, Jesse, Charles and Lindsay.

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THE APPLEGATE TRAIL

According to his own definition of himself Jesse Applegate was a "pioneer by heritage, training and habit."

But whatever the combination of circumstances and personal discipline involved in making him the kind of man he turned out to be, Applegate was, without question, the aristocrat of the pioneers who ventured west in the mid-1800's to settle a new and wild land.

Born the son of Daniel and Rachel Lindsay Applegate, on July 5, 1811, in Kentucky, Jesse was ten years of age when the family moved to Missouri and settled near St. Louis. Young Applegate exhibited a curious mind at an early age, and as a youth slipped away from home at every available opportunity to haunt the hangouts of the half-tamed river men who transported their furs down the Mississippi, by barge, to the trading posts. He learned all he could from these harbingers of the great Northwest, storing the bits and pieces of information away in his agile mind.

At the tender age of fourteen Jesse Applegate had the good fortune to meet Captain Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition. It is not difficult to picture the gangly youth held spellbound by the stories this famous trail blazer told, and plotting, in his young mind, a journey of his own into the far west.

Yet another person who influenced young Applegate, in his later decision to strike out for the little known Oregon Country was Wilson Price Hunt, who was then Postmaster of St. Louis, but who had formerly founded Astoria.

At the time Jesse Applegate knew him, Hunt still dealt in furs, using the basement of the Post Office as a storage place. It was here, in the midst of the rank aromas that spoke strongly of the vast, Northwest wilderness, that Jesse Applegate asked numerous questions about the country which lay far beyond the Missouri Frontier, waiting only to be conquered.

Securing a job as clerk in the Surveyor General's office, at St. Louis, Applegate took a room in the Green Tree Tavern to put himself into closer proximity with the adventurous men who had long since become his idols.

The Green Tree Tavern served as winter rendezvous headquarters for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and it was here that young Applegate met such famous mountain men as Jedediah Smith, David Jackson and William L. Sublette. To make his presence worthwhile to these half-savage trappers, he volunteered his services.

"I'm handy with a pen, and handier still with figures," Jesse told them, with the result that he was permitted to keep their books.

In exchange, they shared with him their ribald accounts of adventures in a land that could be cruel, at times, but that held great hope and promise.

Jesse Applegate was further influenced by a lawyer friend named Edward Bates. Bates, who later became a member of Lincoln's first Cabinet, instilled in young Applegate a flare for politics and law making that was to serve Jesse well for the rest of his days.

At the time that he was acquiring a practical and general knowledge from his odd assortment of acquaintances, Applegate was also involved with formal schooling, gaining extensive academic knowledge in literature, history, science, Latin and mathematical subjects. He also acquired a fundamental knowledge of law and engineering, and, by the time he was 19 years of age he earned a deputyship in the office of the Surveyor General.

In the spring of 1831 Jesse Applegate married and bought a farm in the Osage Valley, where he settled down to raise livestock and crops, continuing to act in his capacity as Deputy Surveyor.

But times were hard during the next few years along the frontier border of Missouri. There was no market for crops and no market for land.

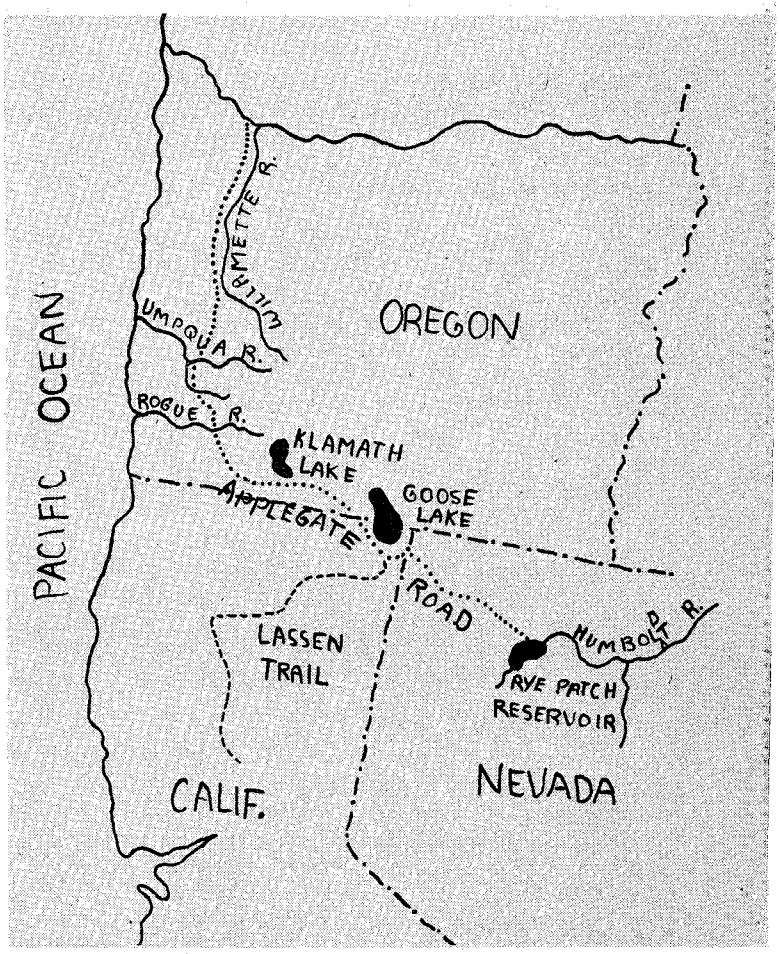
"I sold a steamboat load of bacon and lard produced on my farm for $100.," Applegate said of those times in later years. "The bacon was used as fuel on a Mississippi riverboat."

There was also a great deal of illness along the Mississippi; the sickness seeming to rise on the miasmas floating over the steamy valleys. The majority of the residents shook constantly with the ague.

Motivated by these hardships, the Applegates—and many of their neighbors—made plans to head west where, according to stories brought back by the mountain men, the climate was gentle and there were rivers and great harbors along the shores of the Pacific to serve as shipping points for produce.

In the spring of 1843, Jesse Applegate became one of the leaders of the first, great wagon train.

Applegate's outfit consisted of 100 head of livestock, four wagons loaded with bacon, tools, household goods, and most important of all, books for his children, including a dictionary, volumes of Shakespeare, the Holy Bible and his mathematical works. Applegate's older brothers, Charles and Lindsay, accompanied him on the long hard trek *(Continued on page 49)*



Approximate route of the Applegate Trail.

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ADVENTURES OF

Grizzly grimly told Dr. Coe to forget all he had seen and heard at the butte, and the doctor fervently assured the outlaw that he would, knowing the gang was in favor of wiping him out

by Lela and Rufus Waltrip

FRONTIER DOCTORS in the nineteenth century left a goodly record of achievement but it was not always related to the science of healing in which they were trained. A few of these men came with the army to frontier posts, but some were lured—just as other pioneers were lured—by the spirit of adventure.

Until after the Civil War, education in medicine was in its infancy and such home remedies as salt solution and sassafras were called for as often as a doctor to treat illness. During the nineteenth century medical colleges were developed, but for a long time thereafter, graduation from a medical school was not required for practice nor was the profession always profitable. Many doctors turned to trading, mining, ranching, farming and politics for a living, and they practiced medicine on the side.

By the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, (horse and buggy days), practitioners were better trained and better distributed.

Young Dr. Coe was graduated with top honors from the Eclectic Medical College, then took a course in Psychology and Suggestive Therapeutics. He assisted his father in a lucrative practice until the confinement of it became too tame, the hours too long. "The farther I can get away from civilization the better I would like it," he said. "There would be plenty of fishing, and there would be the sick and injured to care for, too."

As soon as he was approved by the State Board of Medical Examiners for Oregon, Dr. Urling C. Coe selected a wide-open boom town with plenty of excitement and chances for adventure. Farewell Bend in central Oregon was a brand new frontier town 100 miles from the nearest railroad station. It was a town in which blood flowed almost as freely as whisky. There was not a graduate nurse in the area, and the nearest hospital was 160 miles away.

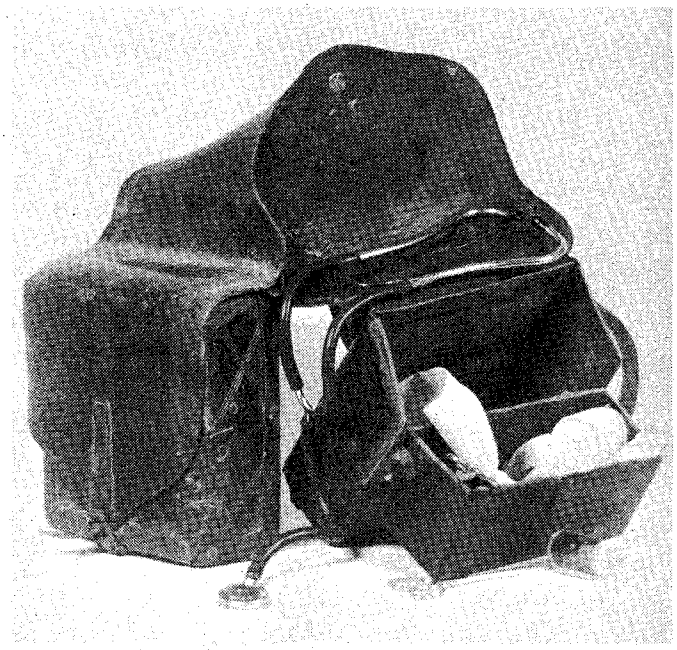
After Dr. Coe had his office fixed up in a second-story room above the town's only store and bank, he began to size up the situation.

There was no light or water system in the town. For heating the office he acquired a large woodburning stove, and he bought a kerosene lamp for lighting. He bought three chairs, a rough pine table, a water bucket and dipper. Then he ordered a metal operating table from Portland. As soon as he had carried wood in from the hills and a bucket of water from the river, he was set up for business.

He didn't have long to wait.

A colorful buckaroo rode up in front of the store one day and asked the storekeeper to send a doctor to a little town seventeen miles down the river to see a sick man.

Dr. Coe dressed quickly and, with a spirited team of broncs from the livery stable, hitched to a buggy, drove down to the town. He found the man was very badly injured. His right foot was crushed and almost severed from the leg at the ankle, but was still hanging by a large tendon of the heel and a few strips of mangled flesh and skin. A wagonload of lumber had overturned on a hillside, his friend said. The man, walking along beside the wagon, was caught between the load and the rocks on the steep slope.



Saddle bags are type used by Dr. Coe. Bags were actually two pouches fashioned for physician's supplies and connected by broad strap. The doctor's lance, forceps, syringe, splints, sutures, and more, were packed in.

Dr. Coe saw at once that the leg would have to be amputated, but since he had come unprepared for an accident victim, he had brought only a small medicine case of drugs instead of surgical instruments. Feeling chagrined and foolish because of his thoughtlessness, the doctor explained the situation to the men who had gathered round the patient in a general store building.

The storekeeper offered a butcher's saw he had received in a shipment of goods, and his wife donated a bed sheet to be torn in strips for dressings. One of the men consented to administer the chloroform under the doctor's supervision.

A great sigh of relief came from the group when the operation was over. The young doctor slept little that night or the next for fear infection would set up in the stump of the leg.

But as time went on and he was called to case after case, he had little time to worry about one patient—there were so many on whom he had to lavish his concern.

A dynamite explosion injured two men who were blasting a rock ledge to build a road.

At a logging camp ten miles away a man caught his hand in a saw. The thumb had to be amputated.

A Saturday night shindig resulted in a fight between two cowboys that required patching up a battered head and a cut face.

Pneumonia, communicable diseases, syphilis, dysentery, teeth pulling, and confinements were common cases.

The young medico was afraid he would make a blunder on his first confinement case, for he had never delivered a baby nor seen one delivered.

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A RANGE DOCTOR

Author's photos.

Dr. Urling C. Coe—he wanted "wide open spaces" where he could care for sick and injured—and go fishing.

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Dr. Coe was just getting into bed one night after his first bout with an alcoholic suffering from delirium tremens when he heard the heavy footfall of high-heel boots on the hotel stairs and the jingling of spurs.

"Doc, where are you?" a voice shouted.

Jumping out of bed, Dr. Coe opened the door and saw an excited cowboy of about seventeen standing spraddle-legged in the hall. Blue eyes bulged from a youthful face that was covered with dirt and clotted blood. The boy limped into the room holding his right arm across his middle, supported by his left hand.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor.

"I was just coming after you, Doc, a ridin' through the sagebrush to beat hell and the dark, when that on'ry hunk of buzzard meat I was riding stepped in a badger hole and fell. He throwed me plum over his head for about twenty feet. It knocked me silly. For a while I didn't know where I was."

"Where are you from?" the doctor asked.

"I'm the wrangler for the remuda out at Sid Powers' horse camp, thirty miles out on the desert. But I wasn't coming after you for myself, it's for Sid Powers' wife. She's out yonder in that horse camp and I reckon she's hurt mighty bad."

"What happened to her?" Doc was putting on his clothes.

"She was throwed. And it came near killing her. The worst part is she's just about to have a baby. Sid's mighty scared about her. Said to tell you to come as quick as you can. He said you could ride my horse back out there, but that horse went and hit that badger hole and I reckon he's stove up about as bad as I am."

The right side of the horse wrangler's head and body was covered with bruises and abrasions, and his shoulder was dislocated. He was evidently suffering a great deal of pain, but his concern for the woman and the excitement of the ride kept him going. He talked fast and in detail about how he came to be working in the horse camp, and about goings on there. Indeed, the horse camp was an exciting place to work.

While a team and buggy was being hitched at the livery stable, Dr. Coe gave the cowboy a hypodermic, reduced the pain in the dislocated shoulder, and dressed the worst of the cuts.

The wrangler left his lame horse at the livery stable and rode in the buggy as the doctor's guide back to the horse camp. The way was rough and the going slow through the sagebrush. For a while the boy was excited and talkative. "Just follow the Big Dipper up there and the North Star," he told the doctor. After they had gone twenty miles or more, and there was still no sign of a horse camp, Dr. Coe stopped the team and asked the now silent wrangler where they were.

Looking around befuddled in the moonlight the boy said tiredly, "I don't know. Either that horse camp is lost or else we are. I don't know which."

Dr. Coe considered the situation as they waited there, trying to get their bearings. Then he was caught in the spell of the enchanted desert night, and sat for a longer while thrilled and silent, listening to the strange stillness of the desert. There was no sound except the breathing of the horses and the faint rustling of a gentle night breeze.

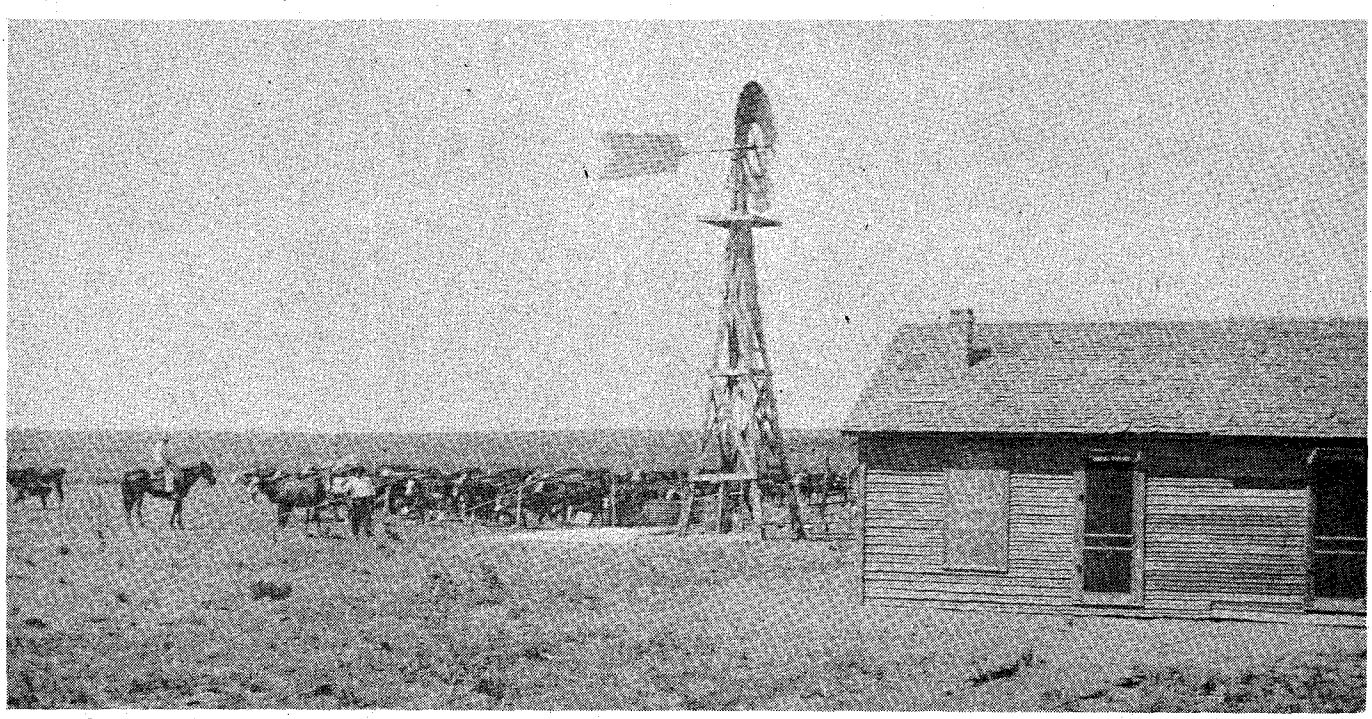
Then, to the right of them and a short distance ahead, there was a violent outburst of coyote howls. The coyotes were strung out along a crest of rimrock, howling in unison until it sounded as if there were hundreds of them. In their weird refrain, there was something a little different from the usual coyote howls that attracted Dr. Coe's attention.

After driving on a short distance he stopped again to listen. Like a veritable echo of human pain, a woman's faint scream came floating toward them on the thin air. It was immediately answered by another chorus of long-drawn-out coyote howls. The wild terror in the woman's cries was echoed by the coyotes.

After listening again for a moment, the horse wrangler said: "If that's Sid's wife a squealing and yelling, we won't have any trouble finding that horse camp—if her wind only holds out. A woman has no business in a horse camp nohow—especially a woman that's about to have a baby."

Following the screams and the howls, they were soon at the camp. They found the patient lying on a cot inside a tent, her young, frightened, cowboy husband hovering near. Several young buckaroos sat around on their boot heels, helpless and apprehensive. It was the woman's first confinement and she didn't know what labor pains were like. She thought her pains were caused by some internal injury she must have suffered when she was thrown from the horse.

As soon as Dr. Coe assured her that she had no serious injury, her fright subsided and she stopped screaming. When she stopped screaming the coyotes stopped howling. It was the next evening, however, that a baby boy was born and there was great rejoicing in the horse camp, even though no one had provided baby a stitch of clothing.



A sunny day under a blue sky, and this could be a typical scene in the Central Oregon country in 1890's.

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The settlers came, the range disappeared, and then one saw churches and schools appear almost like magic.

"But he was washed according to the custom of the time and wrapped in a blanket, squaw-fashion," Dr. Coe afterward explained.

Houses were scarce in Farewell Bend, Oregon, in 1905. Many people lived in tents. There was still no light, water or sewer system. Usually water was hauled from the river in barrels, which stood uncovered by the kitchen door, to be dipped into by members of the family.

The tents and most of the houses were without screens. Outdoor toilets or privy vaults were wide open, giving access to hosts of flies. An epidemic, thought Dr. Coe, was sure to come. And come it did—typhoid fever. At that time the only means of preventing typhoid was to find the source of infection and stop its spread.

Dr. Coe checked the water supply—the river—and found it unpolluted. The only milk supply there at that time was canned milk.

Perhaps the germ was brought to the area by a typhoid carrier among the host of settlers arriving from all over the country. Epidemic fevers were attributed variously to filth, the night air, and the wrath of God.

As the disease spread into the construction camps of an irrigation company. the doctor appealed to all the people to screen their doors, dig deep privy vaults, and swat flies. He addressed gatherings of ranchers and farmers and advised them how to construct cisterns, how to store water for domestic use, and how to prevent pollution of irrigation ditches. He talked to individuals everywhere, urging them to take precautions and practice only sanitary methods.

As warm weather arrived, flies increased, and so did the dysentery and the typhoid. Dr. Coe was soon working night and day. Some of the cases were severe and dangerous to the point of causing hemorrhages. The doctor became so keenly aware of the tremendous responsibility that he could not stop worrying even for a moment.

When he chanced to catch a little sleep he seemed to be thinking of some serious case as he slept, and often awoke as tired and disturbed as he was on going to bed. Many cases were treated by telephone and nursed by members of the family. The pulse, temperature and other symptoms were called in by wire, while the doctor gave instructions and sent medicine by a cowboy or stagecoach.

Oregon was famous for her range horses raised on the bunch grass of the desert. These horses seemed to have more stamina and endurance than the standard bred horses of the middle west. They could keep up "a ten-mile-an-hour clip" all day long without giving out. *(Continued on page 51)*

Proud riders in one of the early cars in Farewell Bend.

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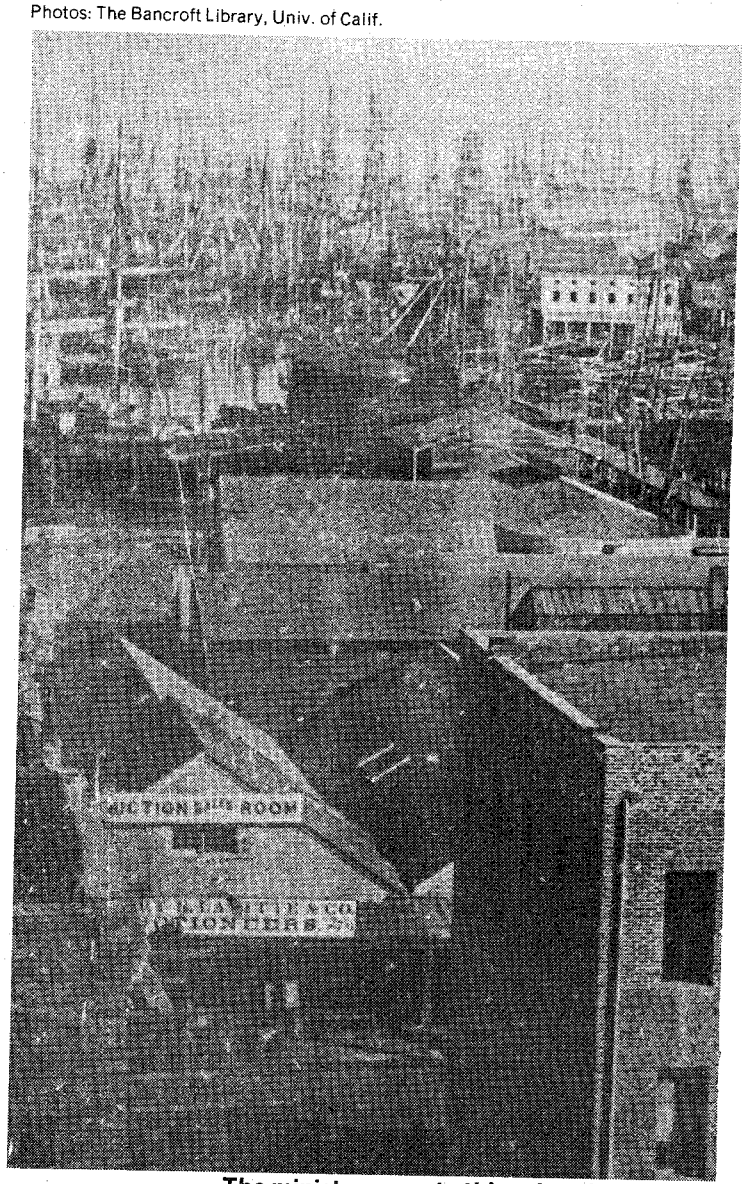
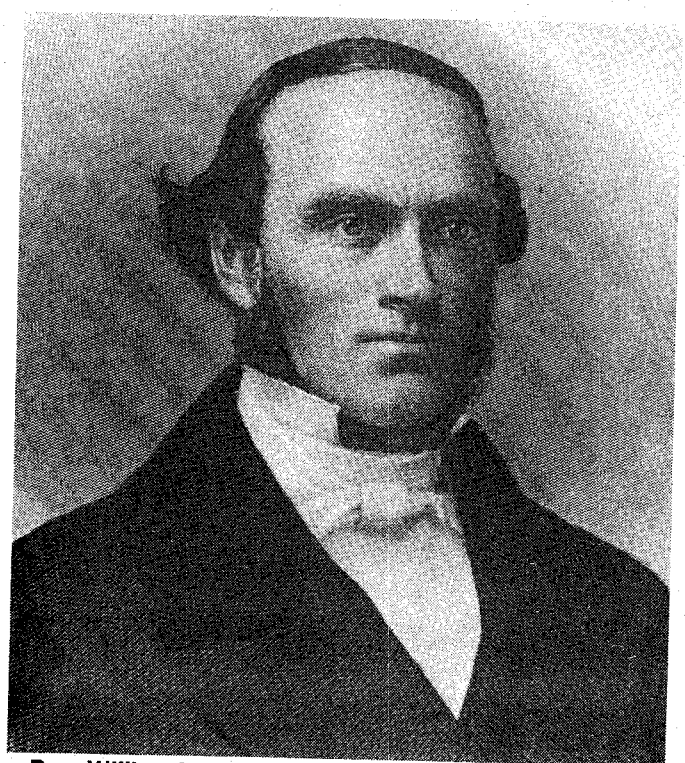
PIONEER SCOURGE OF MORAL SLACKERS

This man of God never allowed a collection to be taken up for his personal use; he refused to have money taken at his street services; he wanted no one to be able to say he preached for money...

Photos: The Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif.



The minister came to this roistering city



Rev. William Taylor—he lived to preach God's Word.

by L.C. Auer

IN 1849 a teeming, heterogeneous mass of humanity, by every known conveyance of the times, swept toward California like a tidal wave in search of the siren, gold. Among that vast throng there was at least one man who had no thought of the precious ore. He was the Reverend William Taylor, a Methodist minister, and his purpose in going west was to save souls in the sin spots of the new frontier.

Although his calling was that of a gentleman, nevertheless he proved himself as stalwart and red-blooded as any pioneer on the scene and equal to any emergency. Reverend William Taylor knew no fear and was so outspoken as to be reckless in his condemnation of sin.

He arrived with his family in the boom town of San Francisco on September 22, 1849. True to his expectations he found the place teeming with vice. Everyone, but everyone, gambled and most every man drank generous portions of redeye.

A writer in 1876 describing the San Francisco of the early gold rush days wrote, "the finest and most substantial houses in the city were the gilded places of chance; faro, roulette, monte and rondo were the favorite games." Gold was so easy to obtain that almost everyone had "money to throw at the birds." The writer of 1876 went on to elaborate, "So popular was the game of chance that men who had quit the pulpit, the deaconship, the Sabbath-School teacher's place to come to California,

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and proceeded to build his own house and grow his own vegetables — and then he turned on the evildoers.

as naturally drifted to the gambling house and took their turn at play as the most hardened gamester.

"The gambling houses were the only places of resort. Every lodging house was full and overflowing; hotels were crowded and there were no homes in this strange community. The restless people must needs seek shelter in the barrooms where the games went on. These places were comfortable at least. They were well lighted at night, and there was that other subtle attraction, that exciting and intoxicating amusement that once indulged in with success, becomes fascinating.

"In short San Francisco was a city of sin, noise and fun, where the wheels of chance spun merrily twenty-four hours per day, and where pianos tinkled, fiddles whined and banjoes strummed.

The writers of the *Annals of California* stated: "...the general population of San Francisco in 1852, with shame it must be confessed, in those days — as is still the case in 1854, to a considerable extent — drank largely of intoxicating liquors. A great many tippled at times, and quite as many swore lustily. They are an adventurous people and their enjoyments are all of the exciting kind. They are bold and reckless, from the style of the place and the nature of both business and amusement. Newcomers fall naturally into the same character."

George Wharton James, in his book, *Heroes of California,* wrote "the openness of vice was so glaring that it obstructed the vision of the ordinary observer, and prevented him from seeing and knowing the large number of good men the city possessed. But it was bad enough and honest, true, sober and Christian men of every faith, Catholic and Protestant alike, felt that something should be done to check the open spirit of profligacy, vice and immorality."

James also wrote that a common expression in those early days to palliate man's open indulgence in wrongdoing was, "God doesn't hold any man responsible for his conduct after he crosses the Mississippi River," and another, equally popular was, "It is impossible to live religion in California, and therefore, it is no use to try."

And so, such were the conditions in San Francisco when Reverend Taylor arrived. But he was not fazed — not in the least. He had made up his mind that he was needed in San Francisco and began looking about for a house to rent. He learned that the Reverend O.C. Wheeler, the Baptist minister, was paying five hundred dollars per month rent for a five room residence. Taylor was shocked at the price and made up his mind he would not pay such for a house. He then determined to build his own home. Lumber was selling at four hundred dollars per thousand feet and the members of his tiny church were so poor that they raised only $27.00 by popular subscription for a parsonage.

But the Reverend Taylor did not give up. The great redwoods were across the bay so he decided to cross over and fell his own timber. He knew nothing of building but already he was possessed of the spirit of the frontier that enabled a man to accomplish anything to which he set his mind and to carry it through.

With a friend, Taylor secured passage on a whale boat and after crossing the bay the two men walked five miles into the mountains. *(Continued on page 54)*

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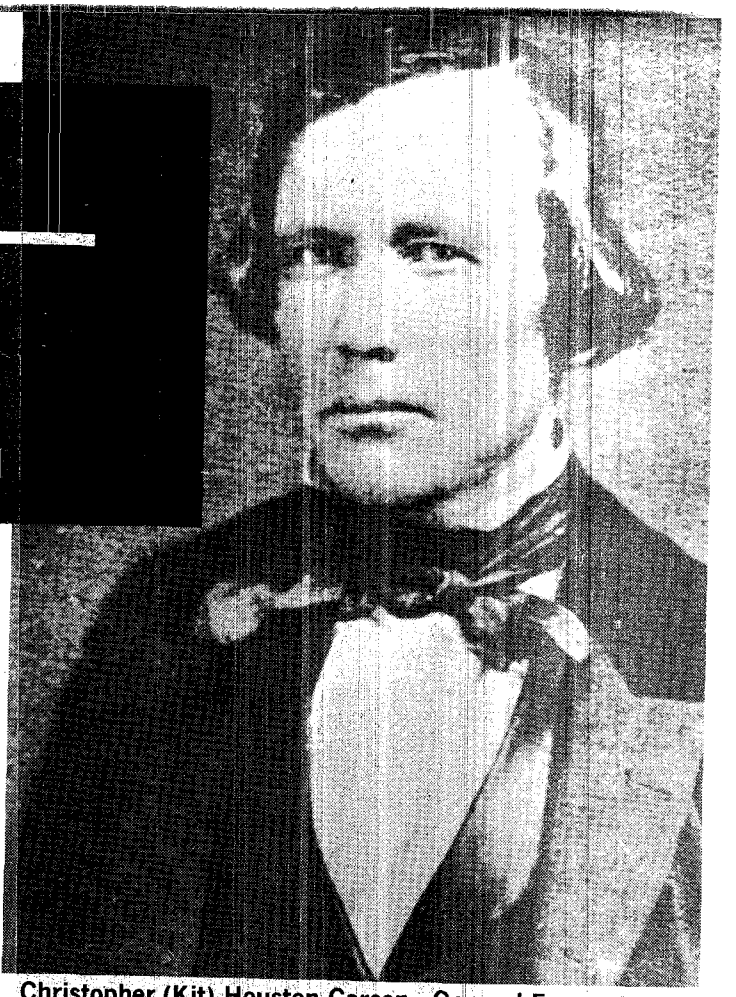
Kit's Brother—Moses Carson

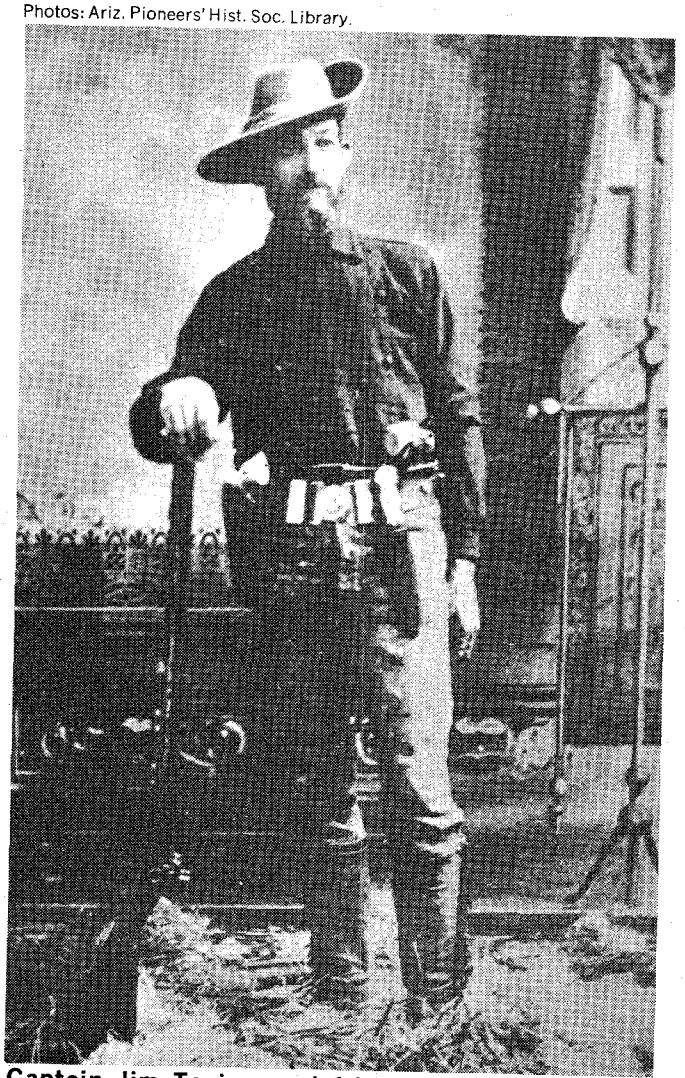
Of the fifteen children in the famous Carson family, nine were boys who were all engaged, at one time or another, in the commerce of the Santa Fe Trail, but only Moses and Kit had prolonged careers in fur trading.

by Donald N. Bentz



Christopher (Kit) Houston Carson—General Fremont said of him "With me Carson and truth are one."

Photos: Ariz. Pioneers' Hist. Soc. Library.



Captain Jim Tevis, good friend of Moses Carson.

HE WAS a big man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and towering to six feet one inch in height. His face was rough and weather-beaten from a life on the frontier. They called him "Big Mose."

His much younger half-brother was about five feet, six inches in height, weighed a mean of approximately one hundred and forty-five pounds, and wore the badly stained clothing of the "mountaineer." He seemed to be "very short and unmistakably bandy-legged, long-bodied and short-limbed." They called him "Bub."

"Big Mose" was a frontiersman, trapper, Indian fighter, guide, soldier, hunter, scout, cattleman, rancher, mountainman, hotel proprietor, etc., and left his mark on the pages of mid- and southwestern American history. Yet his name, Moses Bradley Carson, is seldom found in history books.

On the other hand his younger half-brother, "Bub," or Christopher Houston Carson, better recognized as Kit Carson, is one of the outstanding names in the annals of American history and is known to every American boy and girl.

Kit was a Brevet-Brigadier General in the Union forces during the Civil War, and was placed in command of the New Mexico troops against the harrassing Indians in that area. Later he was appointed Ute Indian agent with headquarters at Fort Garland, Colorado. However, it was his association with the various John Charles Fremont expeditions, 1842-1847, which made him famous throughout the entire country.

It is not known if James Trevis ever made the acquaintance of Kit Carson, but he was a very good friend of "Big Mose."

Captain Jim Trevis was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, on July 11, 1835. He served with the Confederate forces in 1860 as a Captain of the Arizona Scouts, and was mustered out in Texas in 1865. He returned to Arizona in 1880 and opened a sutler's store at Fort Bowie. A post office was established in the store and the location was called Tevistown for many years. When Tevis travelled on to homestead other areas in Arizona the

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name of the town of Tevistown was changed to its present name of Bowie.

Back in 1857 or 1858, Tevis, as a young man of twenty-two, first made the acquaintance of Big Mose Carson. The young man wanted to learn the ways of the west such as hunting, trapping and exploring.

They met in Tucson, Arizona Territory. At that time Carson was described as about fifty-five years of age, hair entirely gray, but a large, full chested, robust and stout-looking man. Lacking one eye, and minus several fingers, he appeared to have nothing to do but smoke his pipe and enjoy himself. (In the U.S. Census of 1860 he was identified as an "old mountaineer, and a native of Kentucky, 56 years of age and owning property worth $7,100.")

It wasn't too difficult for Tevis and Carson to get to know each other, because as of June 12, 1858, Tucson contained about two hundred inhabitants, all Mexican and Indian, with the exception of about a dozen white Americans.

The famous "Diary of Phocion Way" reported Big Mose as "Mike," an older brother of Kit Carson, "peacefully living in Tucson, Arizona, in 1858." And a Spanish Overland Correspondent, writing from Tucson on November 5, 1858, stated in the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin*, "...Since I came here I have met Moses B. Carson, Kit Carson's brother. He states that the Indians (Apaches) are rovers, without fixed locations..."

When young Tevis discovered that Moses Carson's wife resided in St. Louis, the city where he had spent the past few years before going west, their relationship was immediately cemented.

Uncle Mose and Jim spent many hours in the shade in front of the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Tucson, (later the Orndorff Hotel), talking about their plans for the coming months. And as they actively carried out these plans, hunting, trapping and exploring the many varied and still untamed areas of Arizona, they came to know each other very well, and confided in one another honestly, without guile.

It was during this time that Moses Bradley Carson told Jim Tevis that he, and not his famous brother, Kit, was responsible for the guidance extended to John Charles Fremont.

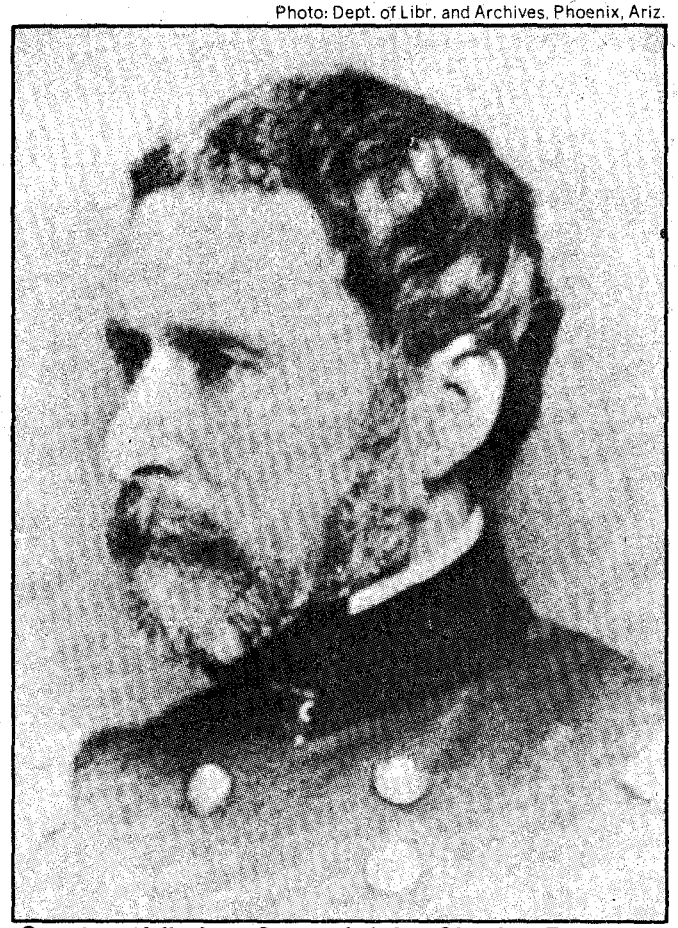
He said that he had been over the trail to California before Kit, and that his younger half-brother had come to him when he was asked to guide one of the first Fremont expeditions. He suggested that Moses go along and do the actual guiding and both would divide the pay equally between them. "Uncle Mose" told Jim Tevis that he accepted this offer, and as he and Kit slept together on the trip, each night he would tell Kit about the trail ahead, so that when Fremont asked about it, Kit would be able to give him the vital information needed.

One can only surmise as to *just how much truth* actually does exist in this story, or theory, but the background and hitherto untold history of Moses Bradley Carson does lend it some credence.

"Big Mose" was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on September 12, 1792. He was the fourth of five children of Lindsey Carson by his first wife, Lucy Bradley Carson. The first Mrs. Carson died on April 5, 1793, and after having relatives taking care of his children for some three years, Lindsey Carson was married to one Rebecca Robinson on February 11, 1796. She bore him ten children. Kit Carson was one of these ten, being born on December 24, 1809. Although not generally known, but quite verifiable, is the fact that Kit Carson was a grandson of Daniel Boone.

In the spring of 1811 Lindsey Carson and his large family came west by ox teams and wagons to an area called the New Boone's District of Louisiana, and settled in what later became Howard County, Missouri. Father Carson, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, enrolled with his two sons, Andrew and Moses, in the home guard during the War of 1812, and served at Fort Kincaid. In September of 1818, he was killed by a falling tree

Photo: Dept. of Libr. and Archives, Phoenix, Ariz.



Great pathfinder, General John Charles Fremont.

limb while fighting a raging, stubborn forest fire.

Of the fifteen children of Lindsey Carson nine were boys, and all of them were engaged, at one time or another, in the commerce of the Santa Fe Trail. However, only Moses and Kit appeared to have had prolonged careers in the fur trade. In the early days Moses was as widely known a trapper as his brother Kit. He ranged throughout the Rio Grande Valley from Colorado to Texas and west to California.

It is not known just exactly when Moses Carson entered the fur trade, but some time between 1812 and 1819 he did work with John P. Cabanne, a fur trapper and trader. During the spring and summer of 1819 another commercially minded fur trapper and trader by the name of Manuel Lisa reorganized the Missouri Fur Company. Lisa was President, and he had several minor partners, among them being Joshua Pilcher, Andrew Woods, Thomas Hempstead, and Moses B. Carson. After Lisa's death Joshua Pilcher became manager of the company and Moses stayed on with them for a few more years. He served as a trapper lieutenant in a punitive expedition against the fierce Arikara Indians in 1823. These savages had been forcibly obstructing the up-river traffic.

The Missouri Fur Company failed in 1825, forced out by the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. It was reorganized once again, but Moses Carson apparently left it, as he was reported to be in Santa Fe, New Mexico, early in 1826. (Another source states that Moses Carson, Joseph Dutton, and Romulus M. Doane came to New Mexico from Independence, Missouri, in 1831.)

However, it was no mere coincidence that Kit Carson also left his Missouri home in 1826. Without the permission of his step-parents, and fleeing an apprenticeship in the saddlery trade, he took to the open trail as his older brothers had done before him. They had all gone west to trap beaver and hunt buffalo, and they had frequently returned home to tell stories of Indian fights, western frontier life, the rivers they had crossed, the animals they had trapped, and the people they met. Kit Carson wanted to actively share these experiences with his brothers.

(Continued on page 58)

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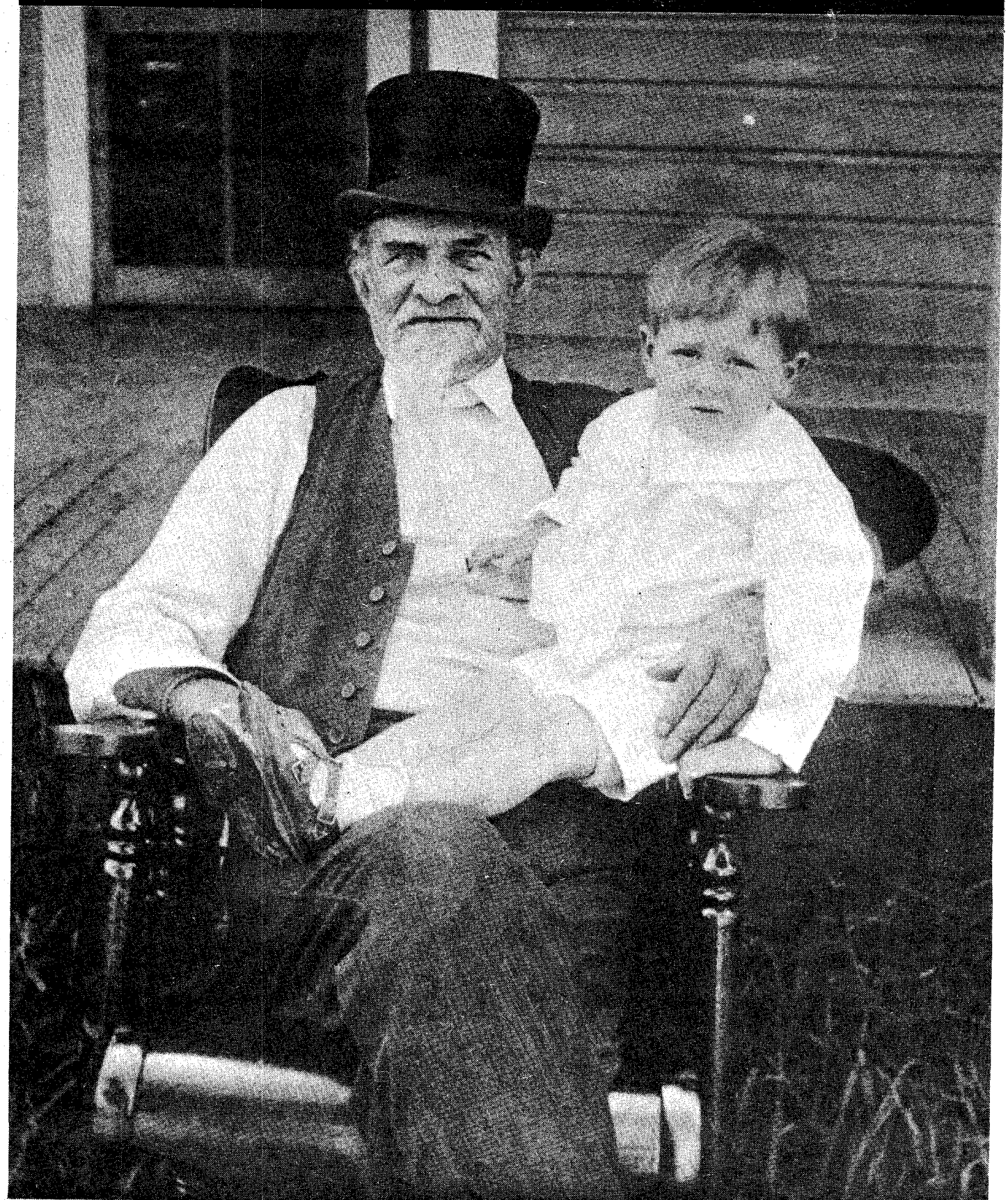
THE BOXERS VERSUS



Ol' Joe Huddleston posing with Mr. Hammitt's nephew at rear of old general store the writer once owned in Mohawk.

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THE HIGHBINDERS

Ol' Joe was a Boxer, and by and large he was a mighty reasonable man when things went his way. What happened to the new schoolhouse was deplorable, but it couldn't be blamed on Ol' Joe...there was no proof

by Claud Hammitt

IF YOU LIVED or visited in the crossroads settlement of Mohawk (in Lane County, Oregon) around 1900, you had to be either a Boxer or a Highbinder. That is, if you ran into ol' Joe Huddleston—and you would have.

By the turn of the century our neck of the woods had become quite civilized. We hadn't had a lively killing in years, the Indians had tamed down, and we had several schools in the district, one even boasting a coat of paint. The only excitement anywhere was on the other side of the globe—China— where the Boxer Rebellion was going on and the only part we could play was read about it in the papers.

Ol' Joe, though somewhere around 70 years of age, saw his chance to stir things up when the sawmills went in on upper Mohawk, bringing with them a slough of new families. The school directors (trustees, they would now be called) had decided that in order to lessen the burden on the upper Mohawk schools, they must build a school in Mohawk. When they purchased the land across the road from Joe's place for the purpose, that old warhorse turned our peaceful community into a roaring "ping yang," as he termed it; that was the name of one of the Chinese battlefields of the time.

Ol' Joe had come to Oregon with his parents sometime in the 1840's; then he'd wandered down to California and, according to his story, was among those working on Captain John Sutter's millrace when James Marshall picked those shining flakes from the sand that started the gold rush. Joe had lived for a time with the Indians and had had at least one Indian woman. She it was who, in a rage, scratched the sight out of one of his eyes.

Now he lived on his 80-acre farm alone but for his cat, Tom, and his dog, Kaiser. These animals had the run of the house and the doors were always open for their benefit. Tom, getting along in years himself, was still a good hunter and would bring his catch indoors to eat. Since Joe's housekeeping consisted of kicking the litter under the bed, this space became thick with beaks, feathers, and viscera—dry, drying and fresh.

That bed from floor up was really unique, and became more so with the years. Joe owed this to his many friends from Eugene who used to come picnicking and even camping on the farm which was mostly groves and meadows—a beautiful site.

In those days camping equipment didn't include air mattresses and sleeping bags, but it was disposable, consisting of whatever the lady of the house didn't want to see again and donated for the occasion. And that is how Joe fell heir to all those stained, lumpy mattresses which he stacked one over the other on his bed.

In the wintertime he added piles of quilts, so many that he had to use a prop at the head of the bed to keep their weight from smothering him. A pitchfork, stuck in the floor, worked just fine. The bed frame had at some time cracked in the middle and another prop was used here in the form of a wooden "goods" box (forerunner of the cardboard carton).

Joe lived on the fat of the land. He raised such things as watermelons and berries of all varieties, but especially blackberries for his homemade wine. When ripe, he put them in a large tub, then he had the neighborhood lassies hop in barefoot and stomp out the juice. His favorite winepresser was a pretty little girl who later became my sister-in-law, but whose name I dare not divulge.

"Her feet are cleaner 'n t'other girls'," he told us confidentially.

What berries didn't go in the wine (the culls, no doubt) he dried and stored away. But he never had enough fruit to suit him and he bought lots of raisins. One night, on reaching for a handful, he knocked over the box, spilling the contents. Scrabbling about on the floor, he recovered them so successfully that more went back than had fallen out, as he discovered when some didn't taste just as they should. "Dinged if I didn't pack away Tom's bird leavin's," he told us.

The creek abounded in fish but Joe didn't use time-consuming equipment like poles and nets to catch them—a stick of giant powder was the best way. Of course the fish that surfaced were only chubs and suckers, filled with bones, but Joe ate bones and all, after frying them to a crisp in the fireplace. Though there was a woodstove in the kitchen, he never used it; he didn't hold with modern devices like that.

I don't know that he ever worked out an easy method for deer hunting, but he frequently got one and then he gorged it down Indian style in two or three days, sharing only with Tom and Kaiser. For a week afterward, all three lay around in a stupor.

When I took over the general store next door to Joe's, I found it necessary to go twice a week to Eugene for supplies, and on each trip I had to pick up Joe's most important food supplement —a quart of grain alcohol, which made a delicious drink, he said, with a little water and sugar added.

His great culinary pride was the sour dough biscuits he made the old pioneer way from the starter dough saved from last time. He baked them in the fireplace in a reflector oven. Joe's biscuits lived up to all the bragging he did about them except for a long spell after he had left the dough to rise on the hearth and gone off with Tom and Kaiser. While he was away a skunk wandered through the open door and sampled the dough. "It was a 'hul year before my biscuit quit tastin' like pole cat. Dinged if I didn't pert nigh git a likin' for that flavorin'," he said.

For all his careless ways, he did a mighty peculiar thing. A family lived in the hills behind his place, desperately poor because of the fact both father and mother were half-wits, a quality they had passed on to the three daughters and one son. One day ol' Joe mounted his pony, rode over to our house, and asked my sister, Fanny, how much calico it would take to make three dresses and a shirt. Fanny did some figuring and came up with the answer. Joe jogged into Eugene and returned with the specified length.

"Now Fanny," he directed, "you sew up them duds." Fanny did; and he delivered them to the girls of the pathetic little family.

(Continued on page 56)

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COPPER KING

It was a tragic mistake... a terrible accident... but in his wild grief and rage the Copper King sought the life of the man he held responsible for the deaths of the two young girls...

by Ben T. Traywick

BURNETT'S OPEN MOUTH FIRST signified noncomprehension and then horror.

"No! Don't shoot me, Bill! I'm not armed!

Despite the plea for mercy four heavy .45 slugs blasted the life from Jim Burnett's body. Tombstone could now chalk up another bloody killing. It was July 1, 1897, and William Cornell Greene had just shot and killed "Justice" James Burnett. The shooting took place on Allen Street, at the entrance to the famous, or infamous, O.K. Corral.

When the city marshal, Charley Wiser, heard the roar of the gunfire down on Allen street, he headed there at a dead run. He met Greene coming up Allen Street, gun dangling from his hand.

"You've killed 'Justice Jim'," the marshal said.

"Yes, I had to kill him," Greene replied, giving the marshal his gun.

"Justice Jim" Burnett had been a tough hombre who ran his court in Charleston the way he saw fit. There are doubts as to how he obtained his position as Justice of the Peace, but once he had established himself in office his methods were unusual, to say the least.

After his first quarter in office Jim dutifully made out his report and sent the fines he had collected to the Board of Supervisors in Tombstone. Along with his report he sent a bill for $380 as his percentage of the fines. Although his was a "fee" office the supervisors felt this was too much, and cut the amount considerably.

When this news reached Burnett he sent word to the Supervisors that his justice court in Charleston would look out for itself in the future. And true to his word "his" court never asked anything of the county nor did he ever send it anything. Thereafter the court was conducted for the benefit of Jim Burnett and for no other reason.

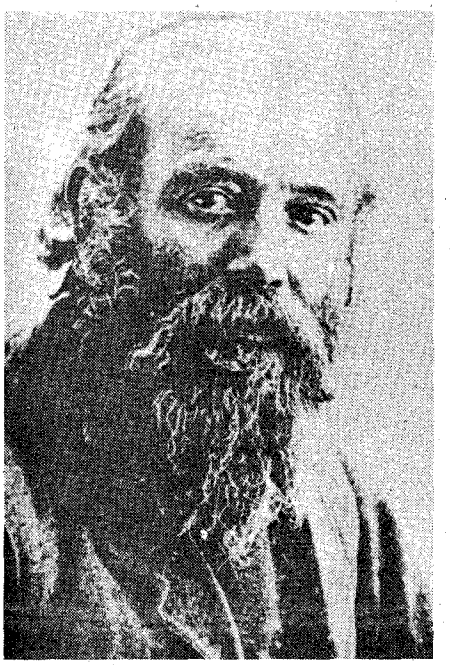
There was absolutely no red tape or legal delay in his court. Anyone who came before him was assumed guilty. The only decision to be made was the degree of guilt. He issued his own warrants whenever he needed them and, armed with six-gun and scatter gun, served them himself, anywhere, any time. For any reason—justified or concocted—he would convene court and dispense his brand of justice. His prime objective was to see that his court make a good profit.

Fines were adjusted to what the defendant could pay and just how much money Jim happened to need at that time. His decisions were prompt and the verdicts enforced by the business end of a six-gun. No appeal was allowed and Burnett collected the fines himself.

William Greene had arrived in Tombstone early in the silver boom and built himself a ranch near Hereford. His family consisted of Mrs. Greene, who had been Mrs. Moson, her two children Frank and Virginia, both by her first husband, and two daughters, Ella, nine years old, and Eva, seven, the fruit of her marriage to Greene.

Ella was a beautiful child and well liked by all who knew her. She was the pride of her father's life.

Greene had built a small dam on the San Pedro River, not far from his ranch. The purpose of this dam was to provide irrigation water for the alfalfa fields. During the warm months of the year the children from Greene's Ranch swam in the river several hundred yards below the dam. The water was only about two feet, six inches deep at this spot, and was considered safe for the small fry.



Jim Burnett dispensed "justice."

Greene's nearest neighbor was Jim Burnett, whose ranch lay about a mile and a half down the San Pedro. Burnett and Greene had no disagreement over the first dam that Greene built. However, tempers flared when he imported a number of Chinese and began construction on a second one.

Scarcely had the new dam been completed when a mysterious explosion demolished it on June 24, 1897. The sudden release of water washed out great channels of rock and gravel from the river bed for a considerable distance downstream.

No one thought much about it on the evening of June 27, 1897, when Ella and Eva Greene announced that they were taking their friend, Katie Corcoran, down to the swimming hole. After all, it was more of a wading spot than anything else; the water was shallow and the children went there often. No one thought about the water that had been released when the dam was destroyed.

The three giggling children ran to the river. Katie arrived there first and plunged into the stream. Instead of finding shallow water and the familiar sandy bottom, she encountered only deep water. The Greene girls stared in fear and amazement as she disappeared from sight.

Ella jumped into the river in a vain attempt to rescue her friend. When she saw that she, too, was trapped in the deep water she screamed to her little sister, Eva, "No, Eva! Get back! Get back!"

Little Eva, terrified, ran to the ranch for help, but assistance arrived too late.

The day after the girls were drowned Greene, wild with anger, grief and shock, posted a notice in the *Prospector* to the effect that he would pay $1,000 to anyone who could identify the person or persons who dynamited his dam and indirectly caused the death of the two girls.

Somehow in his distraught thinking he placed the blame squarely on Jim Burnett. Thus when he saw "Justice Jim" leaving Honest John Montgomery's O.K. Corral, he pulled his six-gun and killed Burnett.

There is no doubt that the justice had

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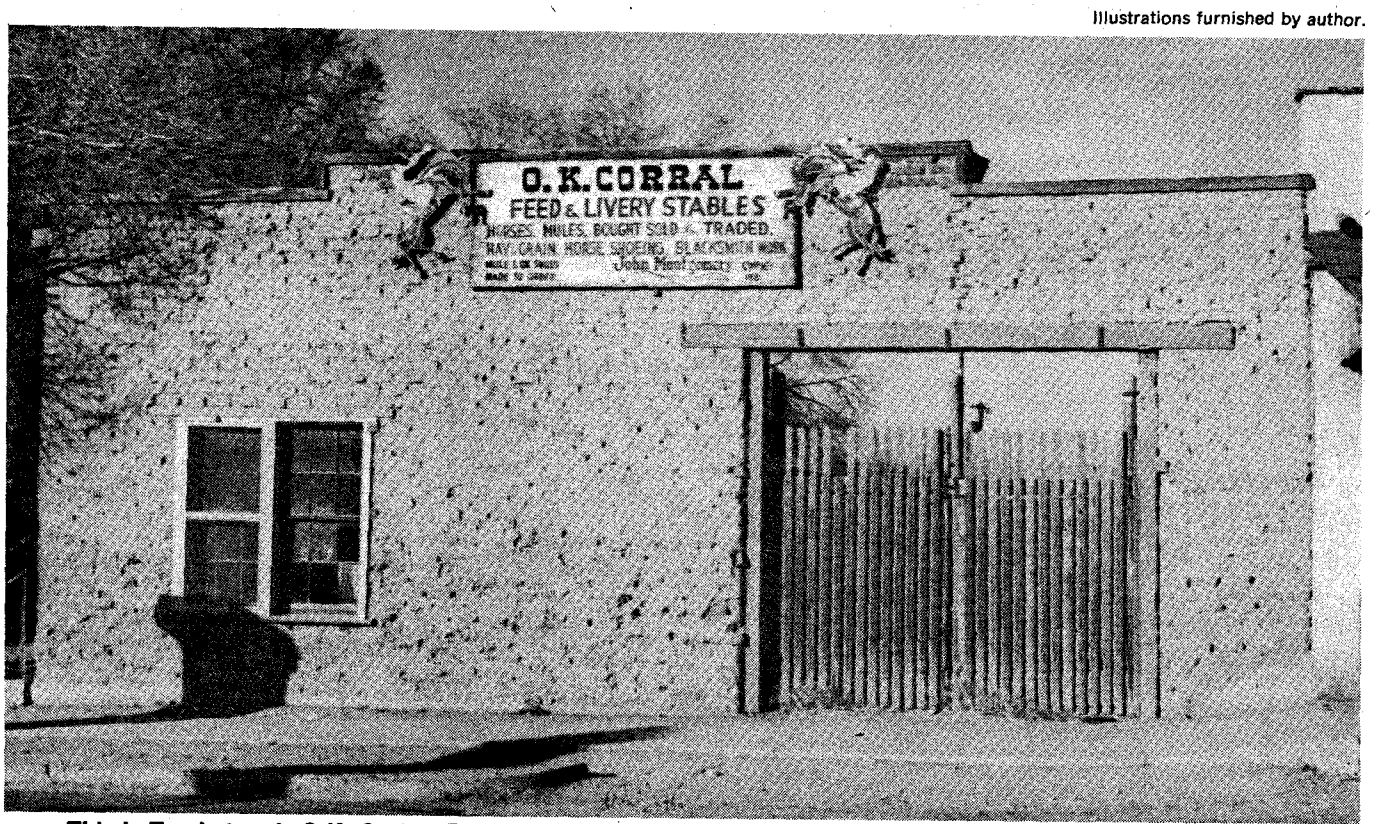
OF CANANEA

Illustrations furnished by author.



This is Tombstone's O.K. Corral; Burnett was shot by Greene at Allen Street entrance to famed stables.

committed numerous fractures of the law, and aided and abetted, or condoned, scores of others. Perhaps guilty of these, he was innocent of the one for which he paid the supreme penalty. The investigation proved that he did not blow up Greene's dam. The Chinese, who were not familiar with the use of explosives, were the ones who destroyed the dam.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "James C. Burnett, a resident of Pearce, 67 years of age, came to his death by four gunshot wounds inflicted by William C. Greene on July 1, 1897, at about 1:00 p.m. in the city of Tombstone."

Although Justice Duncan ruled that Greene be held without bail for the grand jury, Sheriff Scott White, a close friend of the bereaved father, refused to lock him up.

The shooting created a sensation, and Burnett's funeral, held at the C.B. Tarbell undertaking parlors, was attended by a large number of relatives, friends, and curious onlookers. Jim, at the time of his death, was serving as the Justice of Peace in Pearce. He left a wife and two grown daughters.

The grand jury indicted Greene for murder in the second degree. To this charge he pleaded "not guilty." The men selected to serve on the jury were Frank Ray, Thomas Fulgrum, Ernest Baker, James Kragbaum, James Blair, A.J. Cronk, R.W. Barr, Charles Fredericks, D.L. Hughes, A.M. Bradford, E.A. Wittig, and James Scow.

Tombstone really boomed during the days of the trial. Gamblers along Allen Street raked in piles of money. The odds were about even that Greene would go free for the murder of Jim Burnett.

William Greene—he blasted Burnett.

When the trial opened on December 17, 1897, Greene was confident that his many friends would help him win his case in any way they could. And that they did. There was a parade of Greene's friends to the witness stand each telling that Burnett had threatened Greene's life.

Bill Greene took the stand and testified that Ben Sneed had informed him that his dam had been dynamited by Chinese and Mexicans and that one Ab On had said it was done on Burnett's orders. All this was hearsay testimony for the defendant, but it carried an impact.

District Attorney Lord could find but one lawyer who would help him prosecute Greene. Colonel William Herring was the only other lawyer in Arizona who had not been influenced by Greene's money. The accused had no desire to be the guest of honor at a hanging, so he used his fortune to help preserve his life. It was a costly legal battle, but Greene managed to save his neck. Although it was a clear miscarriage of justice, the jury let him go scotfree. His high priced lawyers built such a case that the jury was only out 10 minutes. They ignored the fact that the accused had shot down an unarmed man

(Continued on page 56)

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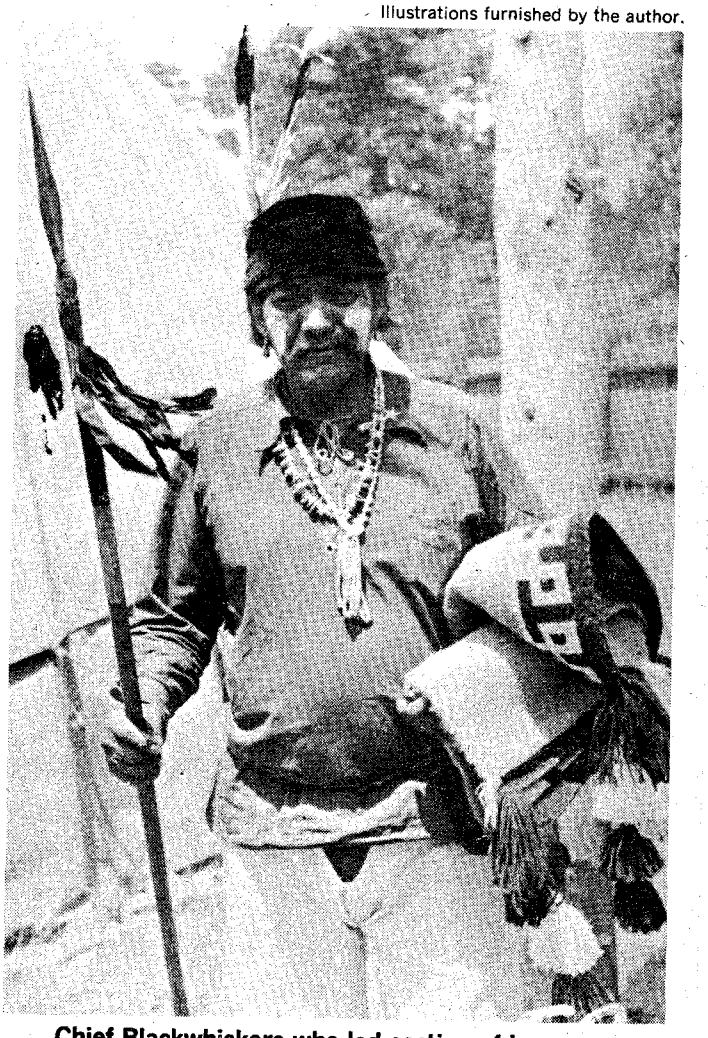
Illustrations furnished by the author.

Chief Scarbreast—he spearheaded raid on Oraibi.



Chief Blackwhiskers who led section of bowmen.

CHIEF SCARBREAST

THE LANGUID HOPI INDIAN GUARDS on the flat rooftops of mud-walled Oraibi faced East that night of disaster. It was from this direction Navajo raiders had always appeared before, during the Moon of Drying Corn. Therefore the northwest openings into the ancient village remained unguarded when the ferocious raiders struck like devil-devil whirlwinds out of the fastnesses of Black Mountain.

The great and renowned Chief Scarbreast led his Navajo warriors, and the sub-chiefs, Blackwhiskers and Nota, headed up their own fighting men.

Unlike most other Indian tribes the Navajo would attack at night. Whenever the element of surprise favored them, according to their strategy, was the time to move in. So was it worked at Oraibi.

Not long after sundown, that September day in 1835, eighty warriors went into hiding within easy striking distance. Yet they were far enough away so that the sounds of their movements would not reach the sundown scouts around the pueblo, nor their smell attract mongrel dogs. (The 1835 raid on Oraibi is not to be confused with the raid of 1837 which was led by Narbona from the East. The date of Scarbreast's raid is taken from the Report to the Indian Claims Commission, Docket No. 229, Vol. 5, 1967, which in turn was derived from Mexican government documents made from records kept before American occupation of the southwest.)

Near midnight Scarbreast slipped forward to the braves who had watched the pueblo quiet down. No standing guards shaped against the night stars. All those once visible on the second story roofs had been gone some time. He glanced at the big dipper. It was the hour when men's senses begin to dull with fatigue.

Retracing his steps, he returned north into a vale where most of the dismounted fighting men were lolling at ease. Only a few were armed with muskets that had been taken in a raid against the Mexicans some time before. They were considered almost useless for the close fighting which this assault would bring. Lances, knives, bows and arrows armed the force, and these were the preferred weapons for a foray of this kind.

In the band were specially trained knife men, a small group that would attack by stealth. Each one carried two knives, eight to ten inches in length. The one clenched between the teeth would be used when the other was lost or immovably lodged in a victim. They were off by themselves and ready. Scarbreast gave the signal with one word, "K'ad!" (Now!) They sprang forward, hunkered down and left the low ground in a body. The first wave moved forward as ephemeral ghosts in the ground shadow.

No unusual sounds were heard in the crisp air of the starry night as the knife men gained street openings into the village on the northwest corner. Each was a narrow channel running between drab walls plastered with mud. An occasional opening

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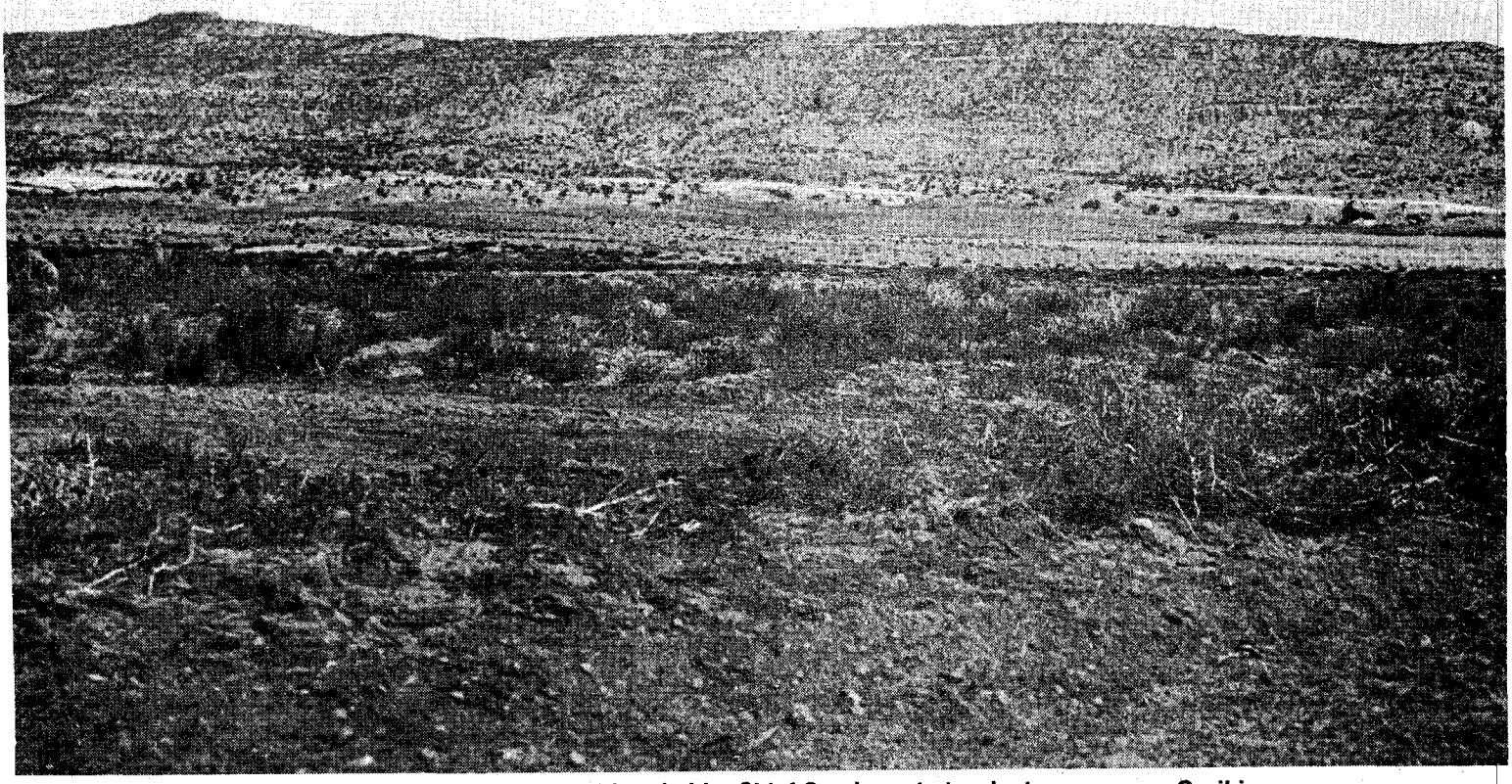
The huge and magnificent Navajo warriors raided and killed the pueblo dwellers to capture needed supplies at Oraibi... the grains and the dried fruits the industrious Hopis stored away in great profusion against the bad, hungry times...



This is Black Mountain, from which raiders led by Chief Scarbreast struck at prosperous Oraibi.

RAIDS ORAIBI

by Maurice Kildare

gave into ground floor dwellings. Stone steps led part way towards the first roofs to where easily removed ladders gave entrance onto the uppermost points.

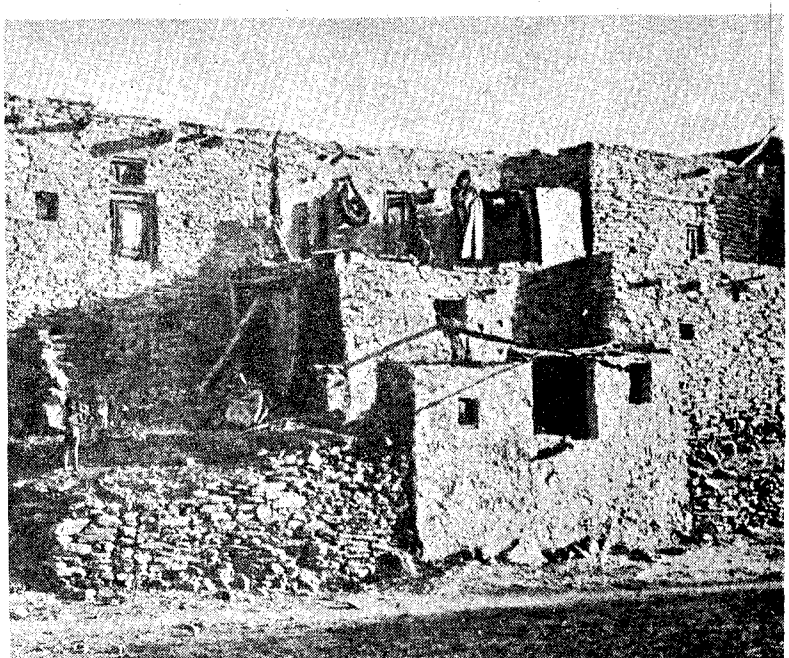
Without a spoken command the expertly trained Navajos dissolved into sections, slipping into the narrow streets, moving fast and soundlessly.

One unit rounded a corner directly onto a man sleeping in a sitting position, his rabbit skin robe wrapped around his torso. Out of the gloom an arm encircled his neck to prevent an outcry. A razor sharp blade sank to the hilt in his back. No warning sound issued from his throat as the heaving body dropped to the hard packed clay underfoot.

In pairs the knife men advanced to stone steps and ladders leading above. Before breaking onto the roof tops they paused for a stipulated time to allow others to reach striking positions. In this meticulously planned raid nothing was left to chance.

Over the slumbering village echoed the cry of a night hawk; from then on the knife men moved upward fast. Instinctively they located Hopi guards in the darkness. Stealing in over recumbent forms, the knives flashed downward. But there were some villagers who were sleeping on the flat roofs, and from several of these sudden terrified screams of alarm echoed into the night.

In another moment the space between wall edge coamings harbored masses of desperately fighting men. Everywhere the



After the raid in which many Hopis were killed and wounded, old Oraibi went rapidly to ruins.

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A group of Navajo lancers, clad almost like the warriors led by Scarbreast many years before.

fierce knife wielders struck savagely and surely. To escape, most of the noncombatants, women and children, leaped off the higher rooftops to lower ones. Or, as on the east side walls, directly to the rock surfaced ground below. A large number were injured in fear-impelled leaps.

As the crescendo of hand-to-hand fighting rose, the mounted Scarbreast listened intently from his advanced position. The noise would long since have aroused Hopi fighters sleeping below the roof tops. They should be pouring outside into the narrow streets, very quickly beginning to mill around in confusion while trying to rally in support of the upper roofs. From the noise of the struggling and the death screams he gauged the moment propitious to send in the second wave.

Once more he gave the one word signal, accompanied by a forward wave of his hand. At the same instant he kicked his mount forward in a jump, leading the racing lancers down on pueblo openings.

The lances they carried were most unusual. Of hardened wood, twelve to fourteen feet long, they were tipped with flint or iron points twelve to sixteen inches in length. The men trained to carry and use them were six foot tall and more, heavily built and strong. The spear was held solely by the powerful right hand; on the left arm was fastened a round shield of a double thickness of rawhide covered with close-set flat pieces of flint. These men claimed direct descendancy from their great war yei (god), Denayenezghani.

It was Denayenezghani with his big lancers, the aboriginal Grecian phalanx of the southwest, who with their flint-covered shields very nearly depopulated all of what is now Arizona and New Mexico before the arrival of the Spanish conquerors.

Their lances were too long and heavy to be picked up on the field of battle and used by other Indians. Even their bows, longer than a man's height, required too much strength for them to be employed against Navajos.

It was a combined force of such powerful warriors that Scarbreast led against Oraibi. The knife men were used only in such instances of stealth as this one to deal the enemy a mortal blow in the beginning. That they raided a pueblo containing at least a thousand warriors made no difference whatever. Time and again—before that bloody night—mere handfuls of them had easily overcome several times their numbers.

The second wave, the lancers, charged into the rear of the massed Hopis intent on reaching the roof tops to vanquish attackers there. The solid mass of human bodies very nearly brought the lancers to sudden grief. Requiring space for maximum maneuvering, they found it wasn't to be had, nor did the defenders spread thin enough for some time after being struck.

When the first lances went home terrible screams rent the air above all other battle noise. The near Hopis wheeled around—they could do little else—trying futilely to launch short arrows. Their sharp flint-studded war clubs were useless against the mounted men towering over them.

Some riders plunging straight into and through the fringe of massed defenders were unable to extract their lances at close quarters. They were cut off and surrounded by frantic, wildly striking enemies.

Then what Scarbreast expected, happened. Instead of remaining in a solid wall, the only defense against Navajo lancers, they fled wildly to the sides and into lower dwellings. Thus they opened the way for the deadly havoc of the long lances. Uttering blood-curdling war cries, riders drove inside the pueblo.

The razor sharp points found hapless victims, plunged in to tear gaping holes. Worse wounds were created while the lances were being hastily withdrawn, before the falling enemy could take the spear shaft down with him.

The lower section of the village thundered in a bedlam of dying shrieks and echoing war cries of the attacking force.

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Individual lancers raced into side openings off the through streets, spearing to death whatever moved before them. Their action relieved the then almost impossible pressure on the knife men. With resistance lessening they brought their bows and arrows into play, along with the few noise-making muskets.

Screams of the dying and other terrible sounds of battle slowly subsided. The raiders gained control of the rooftops and open spaces in the northwest corner of the village. But they had not yet driven all defending Hopis from the section they wanted, the storage spaces for corn and dried fruit.

Reconnoitering the situation from a rooftop as the fighting all but ceased momentarily, Scarbreast found it to his satisfaction. Blackwhiskers and his deadly bowmen of the following third wave occupied the walls, arrows strung and waiting for a Hopi to bob into view anywhere. Effective reach of the swift arrows was long.

Nota had held back for his important part of the raid. It now materialized and Scarbreast signalled him on.

Three hundred head of ponies and mules, attended by a few youths who were fledgling warriors, moved in off the higher terrain. While they galloped in, Scarbreast sent a squad of knife men supported by bowmen into storage spaces inside the walls on the ground floor.

The rooms against the blind outside walls contained much of the villagers' food supply for the winter. There was, in fact, enough stored in the pueblo to last two years, as was the Hopis' customary precaution against years of drouth.

The sreeets were littered with dead, and pools of thickening blood were everywhere. However, it did not impede the Navajos assigned to seize the storage rooms. As was routine at Oraibi, a few men always slept before the ground quarter entrances. In addition to these the lancers had forced others to seek refuge there. Suddenly, a shadowed entrance erupted a dozen Hopis. Their charge brushed back several advancing raiders. Now from adjoining rooms poured more than a score of others, stringing arrows and attacking with clubs. In a matter of swift seconds Blackwhiskers himself was cut off and completely surrounded. He had only a shield to ward off blows and a knife to fight back with.

Howling their rage like wild animals the Hopis swarmed in for the kill. Unable to get his back against a wall, Blackwhiskers whirled and struck, gouged and kicked in an effort to throw them aside. Sensing the blood of an important raider leader the defenders pushed harder. They struck with clubs and knives. Blackwhiskers was badly wounded. His back and other portions of his body were soon dripping blood from slices. About all that saved him from going down was that too many over-eager Hopis got in each other's way.

Just when it appeared that Blackwhiskers was doomed half a dozen knifemen charged the upper edge of the fighting throng. Hurling themselves into it they struck with a knife in each hand. A flight of arrows into the defenders from above also helped to create havoc. The triumphant yells of the Hopis turned into bitter screams of agony.

As the arrow attack waned, the knife men worked swiftly, literally cutting their way through flesh and bone to rescue Blackwhiskers. Bleeding seriously and nearly exhausted from furious battling, he staggered clear into the open. Instead of being out of the fight, the subchief paused only for first aid.

A species of green milkweed was crushed and applied to cuts on his back, arms and chest.

Minutes later he was back in the assault on the storerooms next to those already secured. On the extreme corner the blind rooms were filled with sacks of shelled corn and dried peaches. A hole was broken through the outside wall and enlarged. Through this opening loot was removed to pack stock, and roped on as fast as the beasts could be brought up.

Terrific hand to hand fighting in adjoining compartments did not last much longer. The raiders were as trained and experienced in the deadly use of stone age weapons as they were proficient with the steel of the white man. Within a few minutes the last brave defender was cut down.

The Hopis were driven entirely out of the small area. From adjoining family units the raiders, covered by those on roof tops and in the street, forced a complete withdrawal. While some occupations were disputed the Hopi force was too weak to resist at this time. When the fighting died down pack stock was brought directly into the street before the living units to be looted.

The wily Scarbreast knew that the Hopis were hardly through trying to repel the Navajos from the village; they had to save their food supplies! Dismounted Navajo lancers and bowmen were stationed in strategic positions against Hopi-held entrances at the side streets. Other bowmen who cleared the clay packed roof tops concentrated on the edges from overhead.

The main street and the south end of the pueblo must yet be cleared of rallying defenders. They still controlled and barred entrance into most of the grain-filled rooms. During this stalemate the looters were busier than before, working on the run.

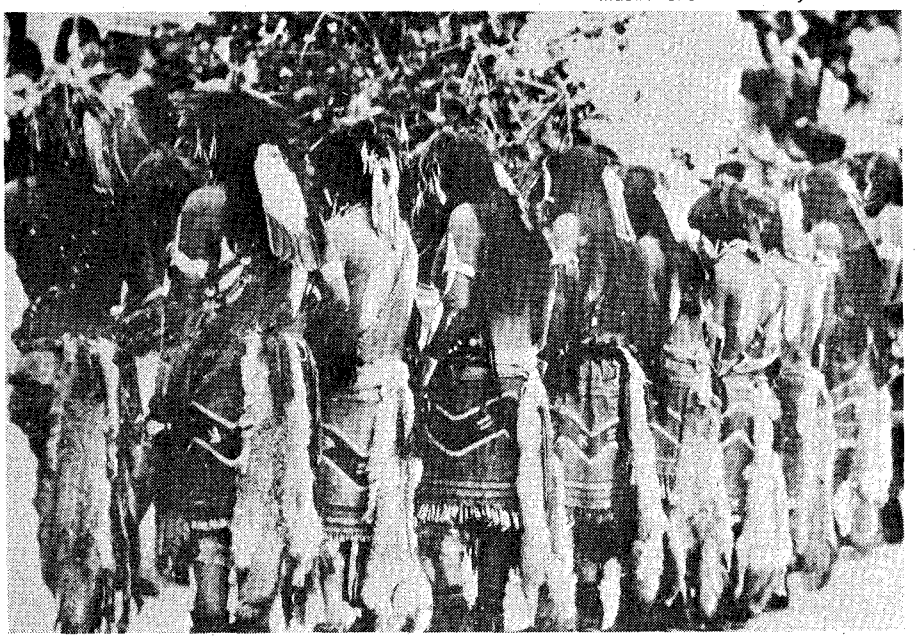
However, the youths would soon be finished. Already some packed animals had been removed from the area. Somewhat anxiously Scarbreast appraised the situation. The cost of seizing the corner storage spaces had been a dozen wounded—who kept on fighting—and two dead. The bodies had been taken out to prevent their falling into enemy hands.

He did not want to fight in dark rooms against large, unknown numbers certain to be concentrated there. They must be drawn out in a charge of their own where they could be reached with less danger to his men.

Casualties were small, especially so considering the fierce battling. But he did not have enough men to risk greater casualties. At the moment the Hopis were desperate and probably growing reckless enough to expend many more lives in suicidal attacks.

Knowing that some of them understood the Navajo language, he yelled, "Let us go. *(Continued on page 46)*

Illustrations furnished by the author.



Hopis of 1835 danced Snake Dance just like these descendants in 1890.

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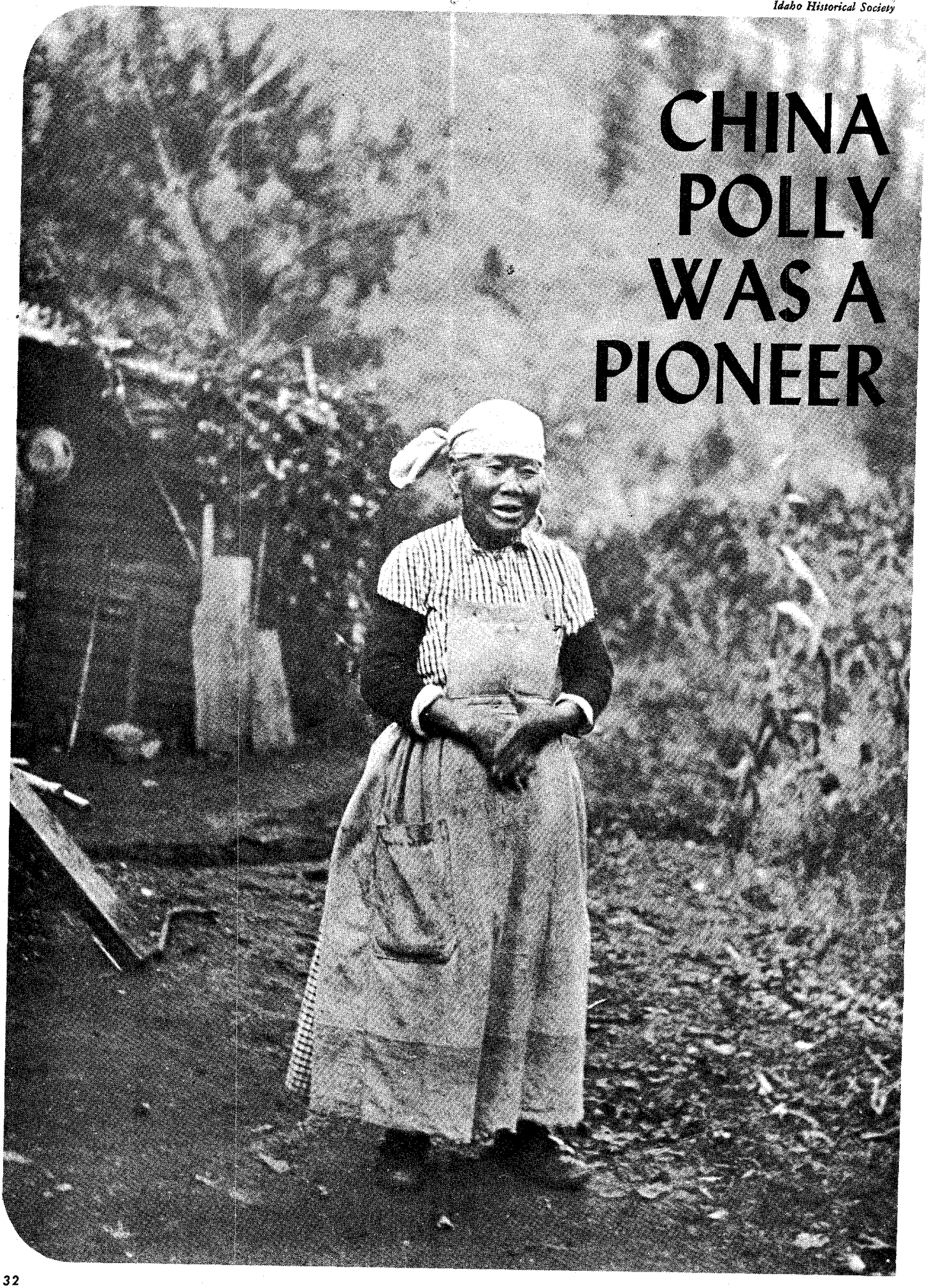
Idaho Historical Society



CHINA POLLY WAS A PIONEER

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There is an honored spot in the gallery of Western heroines for this little woman who met every test imposed by the rugged frontier

by Louise Cheney

WOMEN PLAYED a large part in the settlement of the Old West. History records the lives and exploits of many notorious females but neglects some women who truly deserve a niche in the vast saga of the Frontier. Among the former are Calamity Jane who won her spurs by asking no quarter in a man's world. Madame Moustache and Poker Alice gained fame by their expert flipping of the pasteboards. Belle Starr and Pearl Hart followed the Owl Hoot trail, and Lotta Crabtree sang her way into history.

Among the neglected ones is little China Polly. Certainly she deserves a spot in the gallery of Western heroines, for at the age of eighteen she crossed the mighty waters of the Pacific to come to a land that at that time hated and persecuted her people. She met hardship on the raw Frontier with courage. She faced that same Frontier on its own terms. Little China Polly helped carry the banner of civilization into the wilderness. She met every test of the great West and was not found lacking any of the traits that make up a heroine.

Little Polly's story reads like fiction, but it is all true. The facts are fully documented.

Polly arrived in the mining camp of Warren, Idaho, in 1870 and became a dance hall girl in the gambling house of one of her countrymen, Hong King. Not quite five feet tall, she had dainty features, glowing skin the color of a golden peach, and sparkling almond shaped black eyes. One of the first people she met in Warren was a young man named Charlie Bemis who ran a saloon next door to Hong King's establishment.

Bemis was a Connecticut Yankee who had left his New England farm home and signed on a sailing ship while in his early teens. He served as a cabin boy, a sailor and a mate and eventually landed in San Francisco. He heard about a gold rush in Idaho and went there to try his luck. Charlie Bemis prospected for a while but made no sensational strike, so he opened a saloon in Warren. He was honest and friendly and soon had a booming business in the Frontier mining camp.

At that time the Chinese were hated and persecuted in most parts of the West, but Warren people treated the Orientals decently. They were allowed to work in the diggings and to own and operate business houses. Charlie Bemis and his neighbor, Hong King, became fast friends and often gambled together.

Hong King, a wealthy man, purchased a girl from Shanghai, paying $2,500 for her, sight unseen. Her name was Polly Nathoy. Later, when she could speak English, she told him that her parents were poor and sold her in order to buy food or "glub" as Polly put it. She landed at San Francisco and was taken from there to Portland where she was smuggled ashore. There a representative of Hong King took charge of her. She traveled to Lewiston via a river boat on the Columbia River and from there she rode a mule into Warren. Hong King was a member of the Six Companies of San Francisco, a powerful tong organization that operated in America and in China. The tong served as a protector for Chinese immigrants in this country. Hong King had bought Polly even before she landed.

He did not make love to her nor did he ask her to marry him. He asked only that she wait on his customers. A kind man, he treated Polly with respect. When she became friendly with Charlie Bemis, he raised no objection.

THE MEN IN the mining camp, hungry for the sight of a woman, tried to press their attentions upon Polly as soon as she began her duties at Hong King's. She would have none of them. Hong King was old and unable to protect her from the more aggressive men, but Charlie Bemis, young and well muscled, could and did fend off any unwelcome admirers. When the going got rough and the red-eye flowed at Hong King's, Polly would slip next door to Charlie's place. Not one of the toughs dared tangle with Bemis because he was an expert shot and knew how to take care of himself in a fist fight. The whole town respected him for his quiet and dignified manners.

Polly came to adore Charlie and, to repay him for his protection, she would tidy up his living quarters which were in the back of the saloon. There was friendship on Charlie's side and nothing more. It never occurred to him to fall in love with an Oriental — not then.

As has been mentioned, Charlie Bemis and Hong King often gambled together, their favorite game being poker. Sometimes Charlie won and sometimes Hong King raked in the pot.

One game changed everything for Charlie, a game in which he won the biggest stake in his life and the strangest. One night the Yankee and the Chinese played fast and furious. Lady Luck smiled on Charlie while Hong King lost heavily. Finally stripped of all his cash, the Oriental turned and looked straight at Polly who was watching the game. Calmly he told Charlie that he would put the girl up against all the money that Charlie had won that night.

Charlie, no piker, accepted, even adding an extra sack of gold dust to his pile on the table. Polly, her lovely face devoid of expression, watched breathlessly as the cards were dealt. The game was nip and tuck for a while, but in the end Charlie Bemis won. All the money on the table and little Polly were his. Hong King took his defeat like a man. In fact he smiled as he told Polly that she now belonged to his friend.

For several months after the big game Polly followed Charlie about. She cooked and washed for him and kept his quarters clean. He was kind to her and fondly called her his "little slave girl."

Then came another important game for Bemis—faro with a half-breed Indian, Johnny Cox. Charlie played all day and won steadily. The breed got ugly and Charlie reached for his gun but Cox beat him to the draw and shot him. The bullet went through Charlie's eye. However, by a quirk of fate, the slug did not enter the eyeball. It passed beneath. The nearest doctor was in Grangeville a hundred miles distant. Charlie was unable to stand the trip so a messenger was sent to bring a physician *(Continued on page 43)*

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ONE MAN'S ELUSIVE DREAM THE BUILDING OF THE TEXAS CAPITOL

By BEVERLY DANIEL

It started out with a profit motive. But as setback after setback reduced the profit motive the only motive remaining to Abner Taylor was pride. And pride alone carried him through to the completion of one of the wondrous creations in the West.

BECAUSE OF A compelling vision, Columbus and his crew sailed to the edge of the world and discovered a new land. Sharing the same vision, early settlers conquered overwhelming obstacles to settle that land. More recently, engineers dreamed of television and highly-complex computers and made them reality. With the same indomitable drive, man ventured into outer space and conquered the moon.

All these were men with impossible dreams—men who risked reputation, livelihood, even life, because their visions were so strong.

In the late 1800's Abner Taylor contracted to build the nation's largest capitol building and proved once again that dreams overcome overwhelming obstacles.

In December of 1881 Abner Taylor paced the floor of his plush Chicago office, talking excitedly to his father-in-law Amos Babcock. Chairman of the Republican Committee in Illinois, Babcock was proud of his contractor son-in-law, but this time he argued that Taylor was reaching too high and risking too much.

"The chance of a lifetime," Taylor exploded, "and we have to pass it up because of a few measly dollars."

"A million and a half isn't measly, Abner," Babcock said, fidgeting uneasily in his chair.

"But for three million acres of land . . ." Taylor's eyes widened greedily. "That's only 50 cents an acre!"

"Look, Amos," Babcock leaned forward in his earnestness, "you've never even seen that land. And the Texas Capitol Building Commission wants the biggest state capitol in the union. They even want it seven feet taller than the national capitol."

Taylor stopped his pacing and pulled at his heavy gray mustache. "I built back most of Chicago after the fire, didn't I? I've always dreamed of a big job like this capitol and I'm not letting this chance slip by."

Inconvenienced and unhappy in their cramped capitol quarters in Austin, Texas legislators agreed their meager state funds wouldn't build a new one. To finance one, they set aside an irregular rectangle of land, roughly 30 miles wide and 250 miles long, encompassing what is today parts of nine counties. They offered this three million acres to anyone daring enough to build the most colossal capitol in America.

"What stops me is this," Taylor told his father-in-law. "It will take six years

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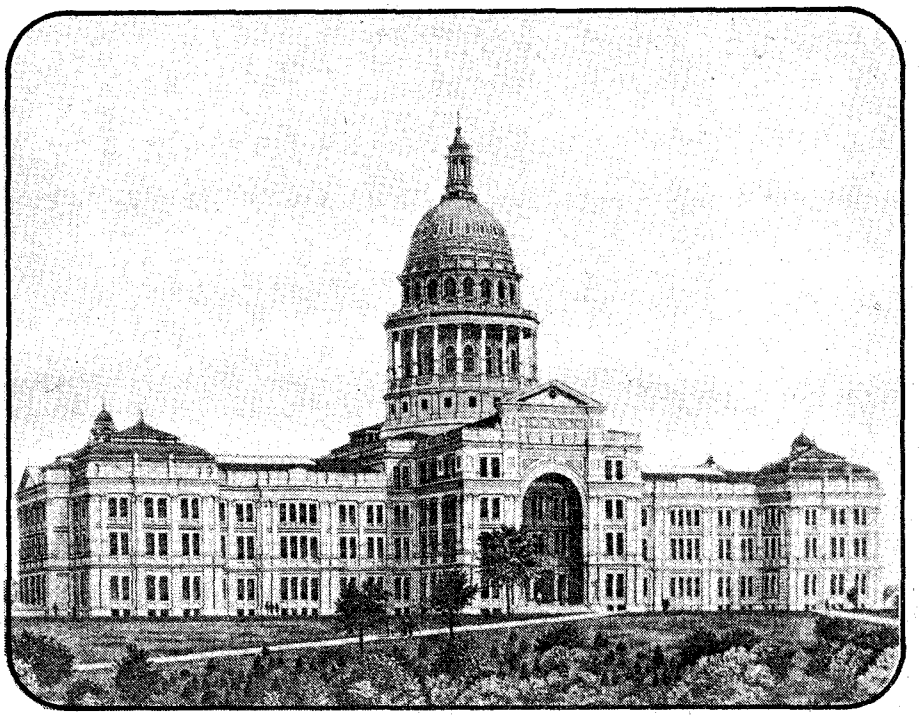


to build that capitol and those Texans will only grant title to the land as I complete the building. That means I'll need a million and a half to finance it and I can't sell the land till I'm through."

"But still, you don't know what that land's like—it might be desert," Babcock warned.

"Any land's worth 50 cents an acre." A sudden gleam lighted Taylor's dark eyes. "The Republicans meet next week. Maybe we can rope somebody else in."

When the old Texas Capitol burned in November of 1881, frantic Texans advertised for bids. The news reached Congressman Charles B. Farwell, who mentioned it to his brother John, Chicago's biggest wholesale drygoods merchant. A true pioneer who loved the land, Farwell decided Texas held his dream.

The Farwell brothers joined Taylor and Babcock and the four men reaised a million and a half to secure the land and finance building the new Texas Capitol. Abner Taylor and Amos Babcock left for Texas, Taylor to start construction of the capitol and Babcock to inspect the land which none of them had ever seen.

Babcock traveled from Buffalo Springs near Dalhart in the Texas Panhandle to Yellow House Canyon near Lubbock. There was little but level grasslands and endless sky—a sprawling plain that would become the XIT Ranch.

On February 1st, 1882, ground was broken for the capitol building and the excavating begun. When the basement excavation was only 18 inches from required depth, the foreman discovered they could go no further. "Hey, Mr. Taylor," he yelled. "We're in trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" Taylor was proudly surveying the giant opening in the earth.

"Solid rock, that's what," the foreman bellowed.

"Well blast it out! A little rock shouldn't stop you."

"You don't understand, Mr. Taylor. This isn't a little rock. It's a whole damned acre."

"An acre?" Taylor repeated unbelievingly. "You mean this whole thing is solid rock?"

"Right. Why can't we use it for a foundation?"

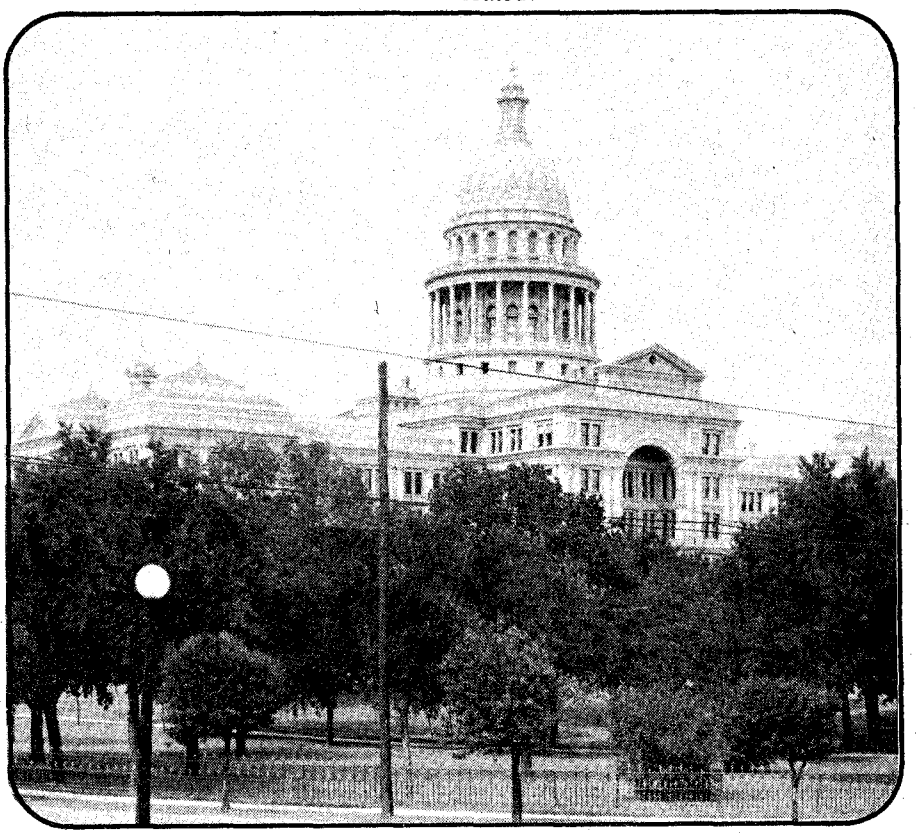
"Sure!" Taylor accepted the solution with relief. "But the commission will have to approve the change."

Taylor explained to the Capitol Building Commission how long it would take to remove 18 inches of solid rock, expecting their approval to use it for a foundation.

The commission balked. A basement 18 inches shallower than the contract described? No deal.

Knowing the delay and extra blasting would come from his profits, Taylor spent every spare minute trying to get the Texas legislature to raise the price of land from 50 cents to a dollar an acre. Finally he managed to get the bill introduced, but it was overwhelmingly defeated.

The Texas Capitol building in Austin when it was first erected (above) and how it looks now (below). The building was constructed by Abner Taylor through six years of work and disappointment. It was a war between the Yankee and the state of Texas. The Texans' last revenge was to plant trees that obscure the magnificence of the structure. It was the final indignity to the man who almost lost a fortune trying to build the greatest state capitol.



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Determined to complete his dream, Taylor doggedly kept on with the construction. When the outside walls were ready for the veneer, using the natural granite the contract stipulated, he found the nearest quarry 30 miles away.

He hoped to get the granite cheap, perhaps free, for hauling it off the owners' land. First, he needed a way to haul it. After much consideration, he decided to build his own railroad, then realized he had to secure right-of-way. Taylor rode out to talk to the first farmer, explaining that he needed to cross his land.

The wizened old Texan eyed Taylor thoughtfully. "Suits me," he drawled. "The right-of-way sells for $100 an acre."

"What?" Taylor's jaw sagged and visions of his disintegrating profit turned him cold. "I can't pay that."

"Okay by me. But don't run no railroad over my land."

"But . . . it's for your own state capitol . . ." Taylor sputtered helplessly.

"Yeah, but I ain't doin' Yankees no favors."

Profoundly discouraged, Taylor shelled out incredible amounts for right-of-way and ordered a locomotive built to his specifications. To run the locomotive, he hired an engineer from Chicago at $65 a month. The price of the three million acres was rising.

Deeply depressed, Taylor began contacting the landowners for the granite. He knew the Texans would leap at a chance to outwit and out-trade a Yankee. As he expected, landowners demanded outrageous prices for granite—and Taylor needed 15,000 carloads. To compound his misery, he needed specially-trained masons for the granite—and there were none to be found.

Sick at heart, his dream shattered, Taylor left for Chicago to meet Babcock where they presented their reports to the Farwells. Babcock was wildly enthusiastic about the land. "Put cattle on this land and we'll make millions," he told Taylor and the Farwells.

The word "millions" hit Taylor like a ton of granite. "I hate to say this, but I think those Texans have backed me into a corner." Taylor's handlebar mustache drooped sadly. "I've run into nine kinds of hell. Had to blast 18 inches of solid rock, build a railroad to haul the granite, and pay those Texans diamond prices for granite. Besides, I can't get any granite workers. I hate to admit it—but I'm licked."

"You can't quit now!" Babcock jumped to his feet in agitation. "I can show you how to make four million dollars in five years raising cattle on our land." He presented a glowing report, recommending they buy 150,000 cattle at a price of three million dollars.

But John Farwell backed off. His dream was to settle the land. He wanted to wait for land-prices to rocket.

Babcock and Taylor walked out of the meeting together. "Farwell's got enough money to wait till land prices go up." Taylor smashed one fist into an open palm. "But he'll starve us out. What can we do?"

Babcock chewed his lip, frowning. "You ever hear how land-hungry British people are?"

"What are you getting at?"

"We've got title to some of that three million acres already. If we form a syndicate to get more money—we could put cattle on that land."

"Yeah!" A giant load lifted from Taylor's shoulders. "We can mail out a prospectus to get the British to buy into it . . ." Confidence poured back into Taylor's voice. "You get out that pros-

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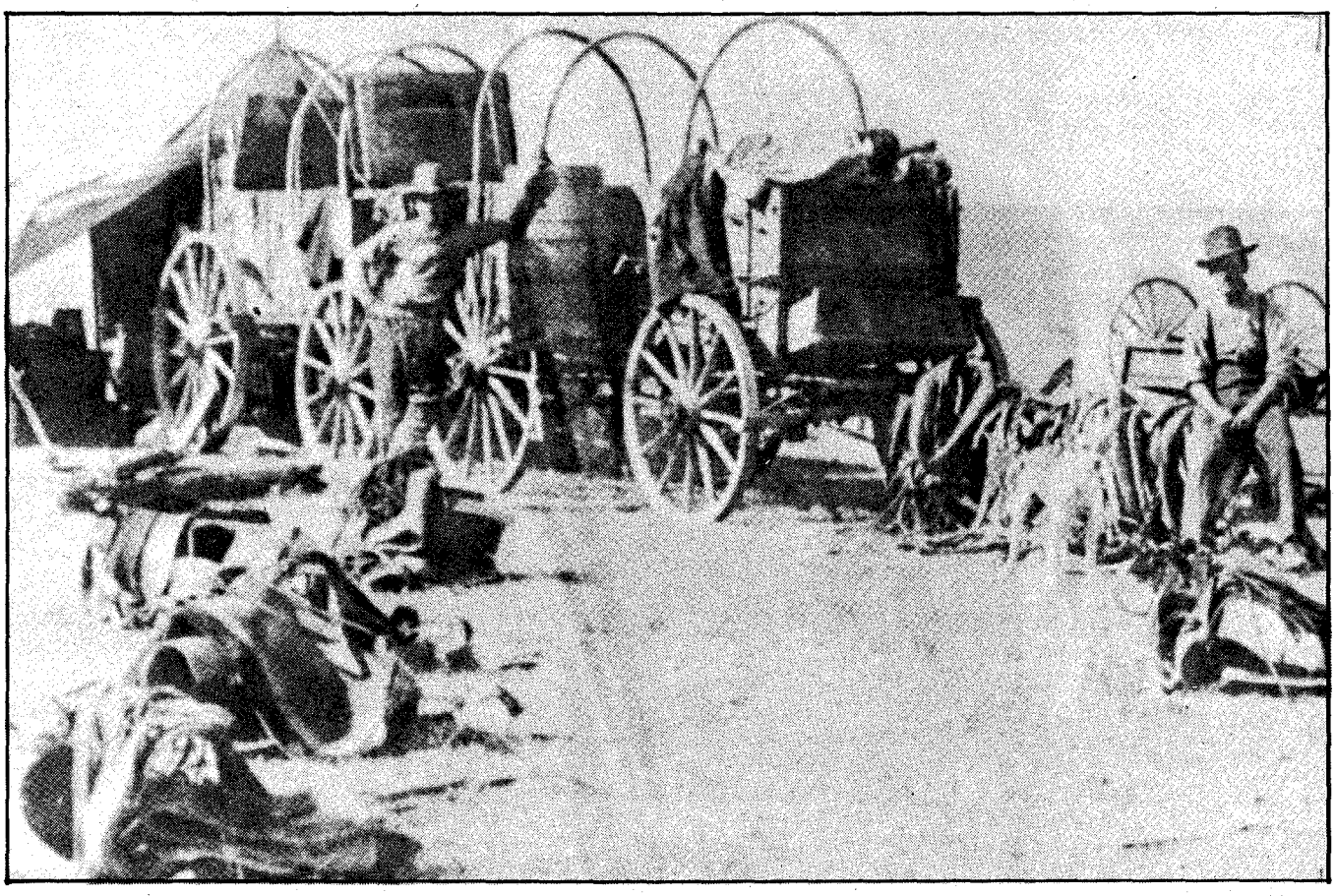

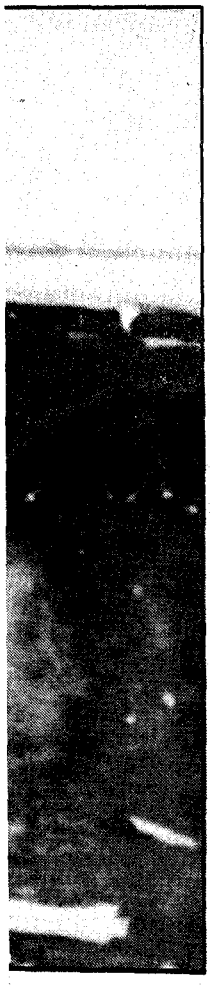

Above: the XIT cow outfit on the range. The cook was Fred Graven who had to keep the men well fed on a slight budget. The XIT was a losing venture for years after it went into ranching. This was the payment Abner Taylor received for his agonies in constructing the Texas Capitol building. Left: A branding scene, though many felt it was Taylor who was getting burned. The XIT was eventually a money making operation, but by then Abner Taylor had grown sick and died.

pectus. I'm going back to Texas and build that capitol."

After searching fruitlessly for experienced granite stonemasons, Taylor stuck his neck out and imported them from Scotland.

During the next three years, the Capitol Freehold Syndicate was formed, the XIT Ranch named, and ranching operations began. Taylor forged ahead with the capitol building and in late winter of 1884, 30 mammoth oxen pulled an eight-ton block of red granite from Taylor's railroad sideing to the construction site. After it was smoothed and polished, an official inscription was cut into it, including the Lone Star of Texas.

On March 2nd, 1885, the huge block was hoisted into place and the symbolic trowel of a Mason smoothed the mortar. Looking at the framework of the colossal structure, Abner Taylor experienced a swelling pride. His dream was coming true—forced into reality by three years of determined effort. Looking at the fabulous structure, he almost forgot the fears and frustrations he had overcome.

But the dream was not complete. So far, the building had cost slightly under two million dollars—half a million more than the proposed cost of the entire undertaking. Finishing it would require three more years and another million dollars. Regardless of the stumbling blocks and the diminishing profits, Abner Taylor knew he was creating a phenomenon. Seventh among the world's largest buildings, 566½ feet long and over 288 wide, the Texas Capitol would rank among the world's wonders.

His elation didn't last long. He was hauled into court and charged with illegally importing alien labor under contract. Again, the bottom dropped out of Taylor's world. He thrashed it out in court but it cost him heavily. In the long run, he resorted to convict labor.

Now, it was a matter of pride to finish the capitol. As the cost of the capitol soared, the hope of profit had almost disappeared. And blizzards, prairie fires, and rock-bottom cattle prices kept the huge ranch operation in the red.

Taylor set his jaw and kept building. In the spring of 1888, six years after he arrived in Texas, Taylor supervised installation of the woman carrying the torch of liberty on the high dome of the tremendous structure. He lacked only the roofing on the wings. At last, the title to the three million acres seemed within grasp.

But there was still another battle to win. Taylor knew the fickle characteristics of the copper roofing called for in the contract would not do. Again he went to

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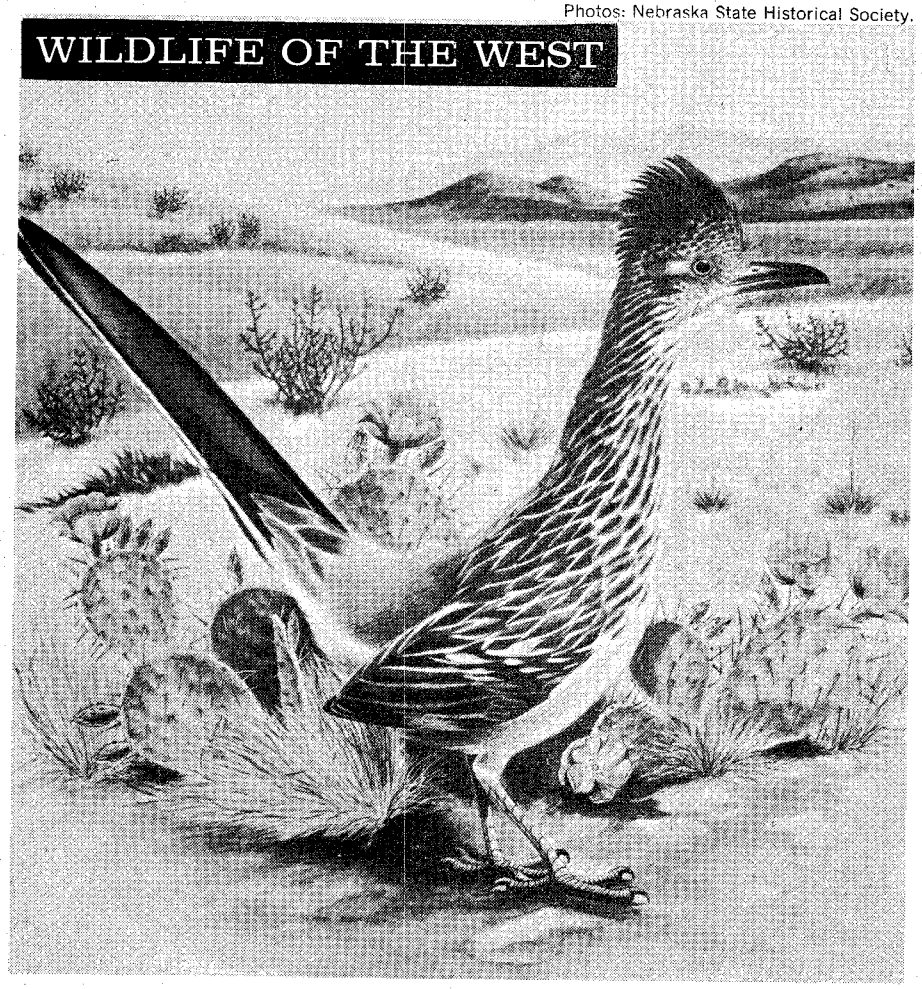
Photos: Nebraska State Historical Society.

WILDLIFE OF THE WEST



Call it paisano or chaparral cock, or, as the Mexicans say it, churca, or correcamio; the road-runner is handsome in any language.

THE ROAD-RUNNER

LIZARD-HUNTER OF THE DESERT

by Wilfred T. Neill

This bird's toes, two pairs of them, point in opposite directions, one coming, one going . . . Indians used symbolic tread to confuse spirits

COLORFUL LEGENDS GREW up around some plants and animals, in the Old West, just as they did around some people. The road-runner, a fast-running bird of the plains and deserts, was the subject of many a tall story. It was said to outrun a horse; to run ahead of hunting dogs until they dropped from exhaustion; to build a cactus fence around a sleeping rattlesnake, and then tease the snake into impaling itself on the sharp spines. These are mere legends, but the truth about this bird is almost as remarkable.

The road-runner, also called paisano or chaparral cock, is a real westerner. It lives from north-central California, Utah, and Kansas southward through Arizona, New Mexico, and western Texas. It also ranges south of the border from Baja California, Sonora, and Chihuahua southward to the Mexican state of Puebla.

Mexicans often call it *churca* or *correcamio*. Surprisingly, the road-runner is a member of the cuckoo family. Its call is a soft "coo," repeated six or eight times with a gradually descending pitch. A greenhorn would probably take the call to be that of a dove or pigeon. When disturbed about something, the road-runner also makes a sharp clicking or rattling sound, produced by scraping the upper half of the beak against the lower half.

Campers in the West often hear this noise coming by day from the nearby brush, for the road-runner seems to be curious, and will walk up to a camp and even poke around the tents.

Seen at close hand, the bird is attractive. It is slim, and nearly two feet long, although about half its length is made up of slender tail. The legs are long, and the road-runner usually escapes an enemy by running, although it can fly, too. The maximum running speed has been clocked at 15 miles per hour. The plumage is a sort of olive-brown, heavily streaked with darker brown and pale buff. The belly is white, with dark streaks on the chest. The head sports a crest of blue-black feathers, while some of the larger feathers of the wings and tail have a glossy green, bronze, or purple shine. There is a strip of bare skin extending backward from the eye. The strip is light blue, ending in a red spot. But at a little distance the brighter colors do not show, and in grass or shrubs the bird is camouflaged by its streaked plumage.

A road-runner can dash into a patch of brush and seemingly disappear, the

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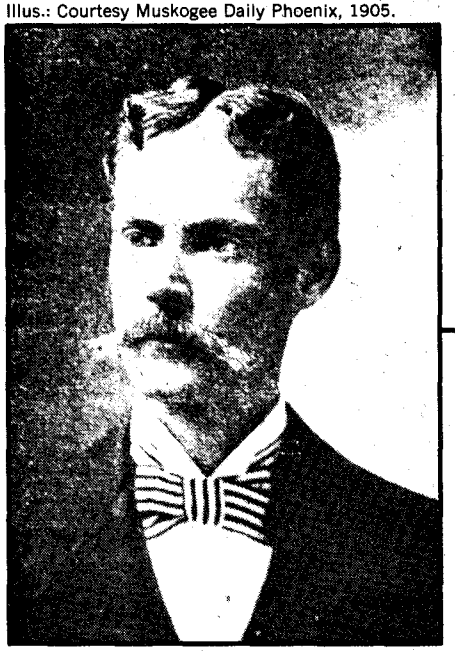
SHOWDOWN AT SPOKOGEE I. T.

Illus.: Courtesy Muskogee Daily Phoenix, 1905.



S. Morton Rutherford saw killers.

When you get a bunch of no-good killers in a vendetta with a family of tough, unyielding characters and add the mother of these characters who vowed to see the killers dead... you sure got the makings for something wild...

by Samuel Cerro

JESSE HILL LOOKED UP FROM his homemade desk in the Real Estate shack of Rutherford and Hill. Five hard-faced, heavily armed riders were cantering by towards the center of town. He turned to his partner, S. Morton Rutherford, and remarked, "There go the McFarlands and the Riddles into town. There's going to be hell to pay if the Brooks ride in while they're here!"

The date was September 22, 1902, and the place was Spokogee, (now Dustin, Oklahoma), Indian Territory. A treacherous vendetta had been sputtering between the Brooks and McFarlands for over seven years. There had been sporadic episodes of bloodshed and violence from time to time. Now the sands of time had just about run out before the final chapter was to be etched in lead. The day for settling old grudges was at hand.

The McFarland brothers—Jim, Joe, and Sam—lived about two miles to the northeast near old Watsonville. Jim was the leader of the clan. He was an adventurer and a skulking killer who had had more than his share of luck. In addition to his brothers, he was supported by Sandy Watson, a Creek Indian who was his wife's brother; by Bill Franklin, who was alleged to be the lover of the wife of one of the others, and an old man named Riddle and his son Alonzo. The latter two had been driven to joining the McFarlands by Willis Brooks' efforts to run them out of the Dogtown area.

Willis Brooks and his two sons, Clifton and John, both in their early twenties, lived less than a mile to the south. Willis was a lusty character, forty-eight years old and one of the toughest men to be found in the Creek Nation. He and his brothers had been forged in the crucible that was Alabama during reconstruction days. Their father had been slain by a carpetbagger lynch mob. Their mother recognized the members of the mob. She was a strong-willed woman and she vowed that she and her sons would see every one of the mob in their graves.

It probably never will be known how near the Brooks boys came to carrying out their mother's vow. It is known, however, that they applied themselves to the task with vigor and elan. Between the killings they rode out on the well-worn trails that led to the Meccas of men on the dodge—Abilene, Fort Griffin, Mobeetie, Old Tascosa, Fort Sumner and Tombstone all have felt the tread of their boots.

On one of their trips back to Alabama they gained a recruit in the person of young Sam Baker, who eventually became their brother-in-law. Baker was present at the Brooks home in Winston County when an attempt was made to arrest them. Baker dealt himself in when he observed a Negro deputy marshal preparing to backshoot one of the younger Brooks boys. This was the first of many men that went down under the guns of Sam Baker. Out of necessity, he rode with the Brooks gang from that day on.

Henry, another brother, also settled in the Dogtown area. He had lost a leg, so was naturally known all over the Creek Nation as Pegleg Brooks. Henry had other problems besides his leg, not the least of which was his inability to distinguish his cattle brand from someone else's. Deputy Marshal W.O. Jones, who was out of the court at Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, found quite a variety of brands in Henry's corral when he called on him. He was lodged in the Lincoln County jail at Chandler, Oklahoma Territory, on a charge of horse stealing. Bill Tilghman was then the newly elected sheriff of Lincoln County.

Henry Brooks had a good enough opinion of Bill Tilghman, but he didn't think too much of his hospitality. He had a relative that lived nearby that came to visit him regularly. He arranged with this relative to smuggle him in some acid in a jug, disguised as molasses. He stored the molasses in the hollow of his wooden leg and worked on the bars zealously at every opportunity. Unfortunately for him, his efforts were discovered before he could break out. His acid was taken away, and they speeded up his trial. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years on the horse stealing charge.

In the summer of 1902, the Fort Smith and Western Railroad was approaching the Dogtown area. It was pushing its way across the Creek Nation towards Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, which was to be its final destination. (Dogtown was the name applied to a thinly populated area that was located west of Eufaula and in between the North and South Canadian Rivers.) The townsite development privileges for the Fort Smith and Western were held by George Sparks, President of the First National Bank of Fort Smith, and Clifford Speer, of the Speer Hardware Company of Fort Smith.

Sparks and Speer held a concession of questionable value unless they could, in some way, get control of the land needed for the townsites. In the Indian Nations there was no such thing as a fee simple title. Some of the land had been allotted, some had not. Even the allottees had not received title to the land, and they could not dispose of it. The only thing an allottee could do was rent or lease for five years for agricultural uses, or for one year for grazing purposes.

At about this time Morton Rutherford and another attorney, Jesse Hill, took a contract from Sparks and Speer for the townsite privileges in the Creek Nation. Rutherford's family had first settled in

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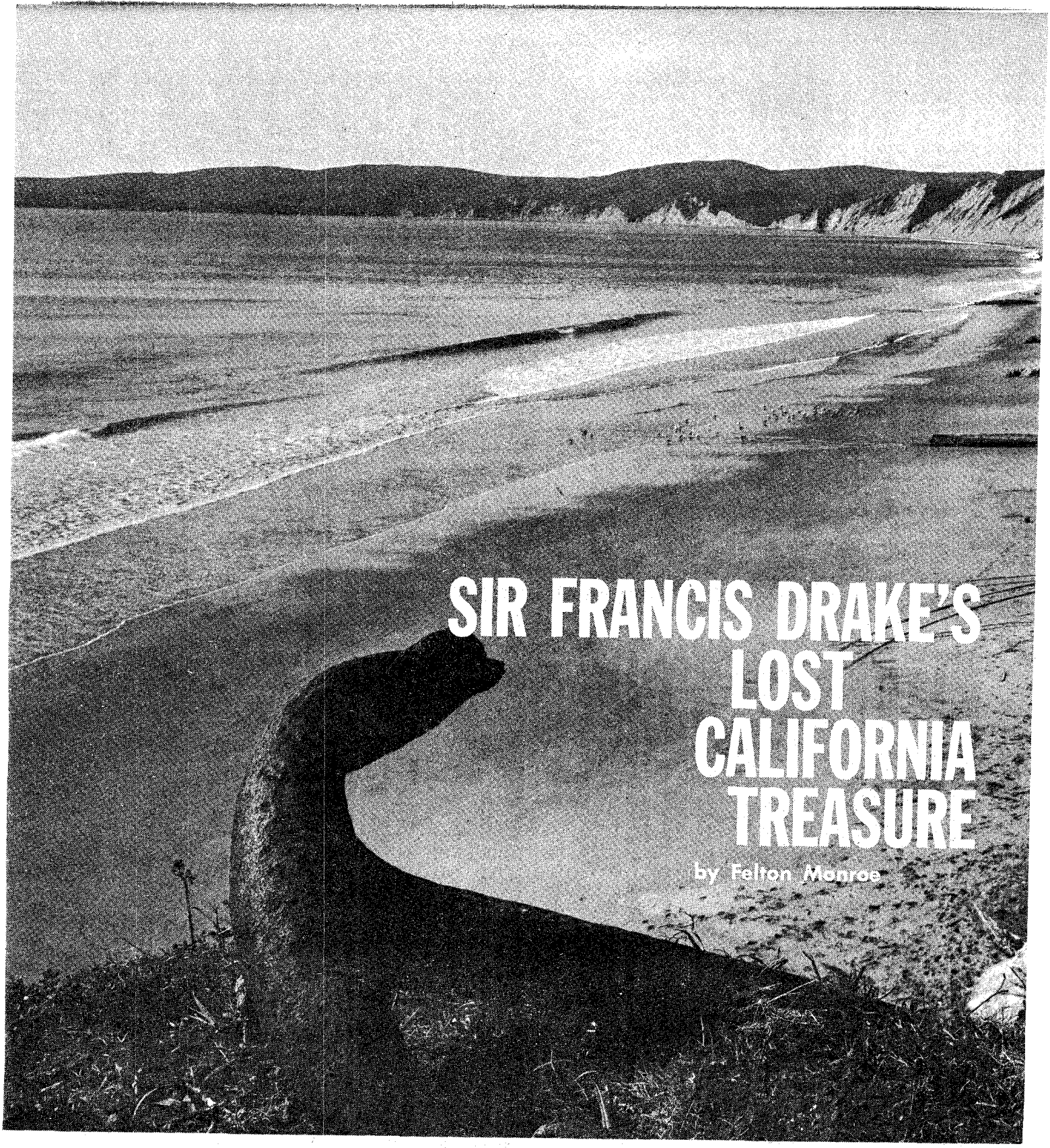

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S LOST CALIFORNIA TREASURE

by Felton Monroe

What happened to the 40 tons of gold and other treasure the English navigator's records show he buried on the West Coast?

A FASCINATING MASS of detective work has determined, at least to the satisfaction of the investigators, that Sir Francis Drake spent 36 days repairing his round-the-world ship *Golden Hind* some 40 miles north of San Francisco's Golden Gate in 1579.

The sleuthing is of extreme importance. It tends to prove that the great buccaneer established the first English claim to the continent of North America eight years before the colonization of Roanoke, 28 years before Jamestown, and 41 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It has quite another significance: There may be as much as 40 tons of gold, jewels and other treasure buried at the landing point which makes the site of more than passing interest.

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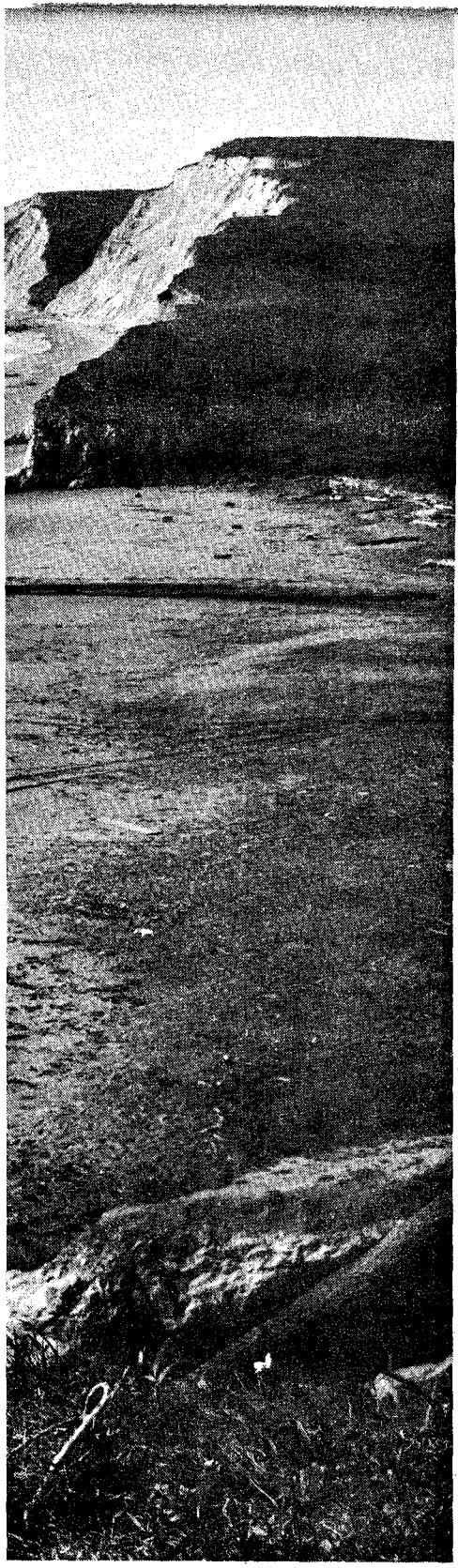

Young Collection

Sir Francis Drake Bay (l.) and the all-important plate of brass (above).

A unique group called the Drake Navigators Guild, based in Marin County in northern California's verdant Redwood Empire, is sifting the clues in an effort to unlock the puzzle.

An exciting piece of the jigsaw fell into place in 1937 with the dramatic announcement: "One of the world's long-lost historical treasures has been found!" Despite the import of that statement, one mystery was solved but others were created which still puzzle historians.

The curious story begins in 1579 with a treasure-laden English sea vessel and reaches a high point, but not its climax, in 1937 with the help of a flat tire.

For centuries historians have speculated on just where England's greatest sea captain stopped to clean, caulk and pitch his ship on the California coast between June 27 and July 23, 1579. Though Drake's log has been lost, his scribe, Francis Fletcher, reported that a "convenient and fit harborough" gave haven to the small craft, then a year and a half out of Plymouth and heavy laden with gold and jewels captured in fierce fights with Spanish treasure galleons off Peru and Panama.

On a foggy day in June the little ship *Golden Hind* was sailing southward along what is now the coast of Marin County in California, looking for a place to anchor. The captain—the vigorous, swashbuckling, 30-year-old Francis Drake—was in the process of following through on a difficult and disappointing decision. He had decided that in order to get out of the Pacific Ocean and back to England he would have to sail westward and around Africa's Cape of Good Hope, an extremely long and arduous voyage, first carried out by the Portuguese under Magellan some fifty-odd years earlier.

Drake had sailed from his home town of Plymouth, England, late in 1577, with five small ships. The objective of this little fleet, although never definitely clarified, was probably to open trade with the Moluccas or Spice Islands in the South Pacific, as well as to attack Spanish commerce. After passing through the Straits of Magellan and reaching the Pacific with his one remaining ship, the *Golden Hind*, Drake found the Spanish ports and ships completely defenseless. In keeping with the spirit of the age, he carried out a succession of piratical attacks and filled his vessel to overflowing with Spanish treasure.

Off the coast of Peru, for example, he seized the *Cacfuego*, so heavily laden with Peruvian silver that her capture alone gave the *Golden Hind* a rich cargo. His voyage now financially successful, Drake sailed on up the coast, plundering and terrifying the Spaniards as he went. Rounding Lower California, he pushed northward until the blinding fogs of the Pacific Northwest caused him to turn back to seek a safe port in which to recondition his ship and rest his crew.

Thus on the 17th of June, 1579, Drake spotted some white cliffs, and behind them a bay. The *Golden Hind* sailed in and dropped anchor. Having gone ashore, the crew promptly set up tents and began the construction of a stone fort at the foot of the high, barren hills. The fort turned out to be unnecessary. Though the natives approached in numbers, the only alarming thing about them was their wearing apparel, which consisted solely of black and white face paint. Drake hastily ordered a general issue of clothing for the natives.

DURING his visit, the English buccaneer maintained friendly relations with the Indians, met with them

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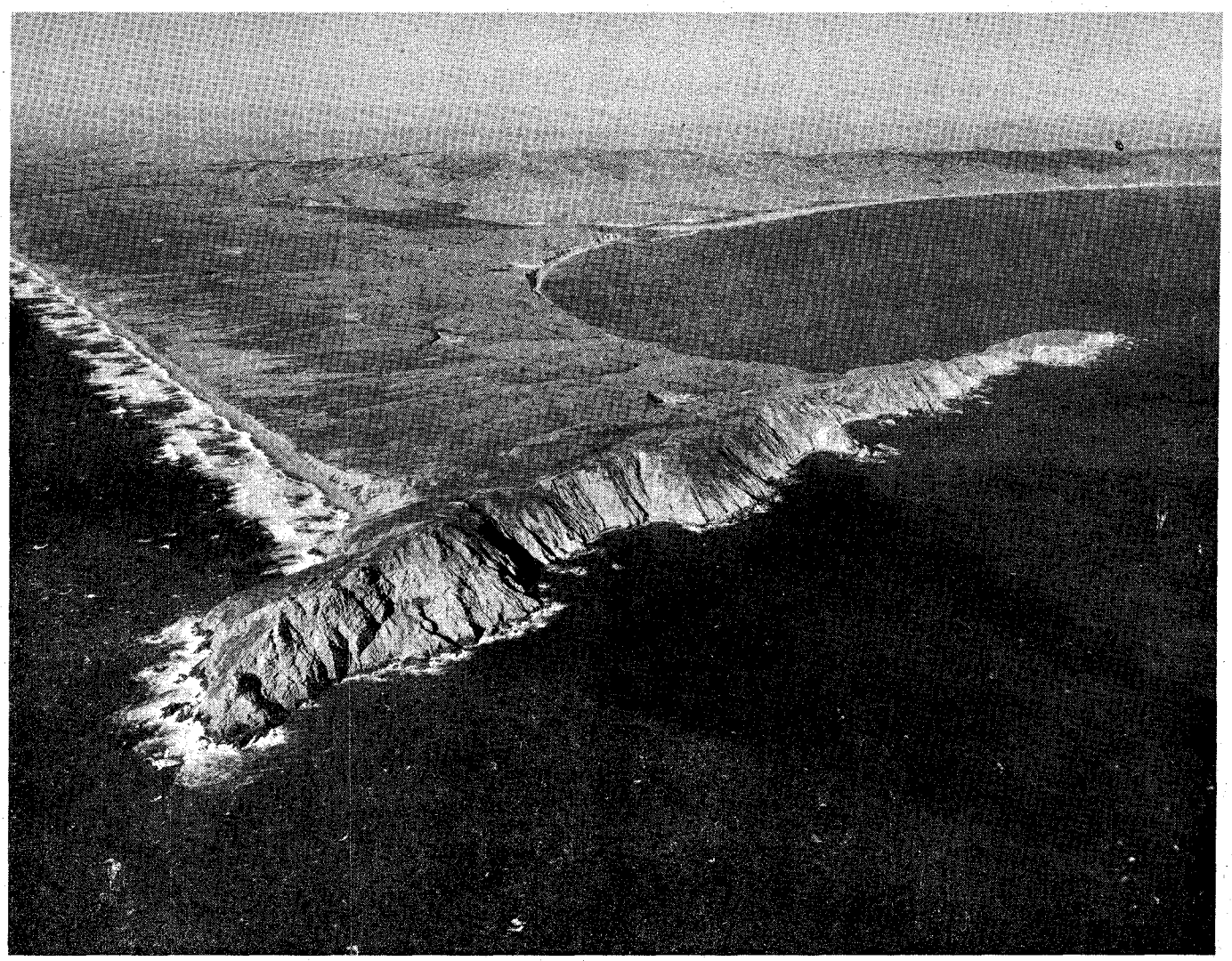

Cape of Kings, Point Reyes, 40 miles north of San Francisco in the Redwood Empire, now a National Seashore Park.

at various times and listened to their speeches and ceremonies. And to the delight of the natives, the Christian also conducted solemn services.

Fortunately for history, voluminous notes on the voyage were kept by some of Drake's companions, principally Francis Fletcher. Later the notes were compiled into a narrative entitled "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake." And while Drake directed the re-provisioning and repairs to his ship, Fletcher jotted notes which provided tantalizing clues to the harbor's exact location. The captain, he said, decided to call the land "New Albion" partly because of the white cliffs which resembled those around Dover. And he claimed this "New England" for Queen Elizabeth I by nailing to "a great firme post" a "plate of brasse" upon which was inscribed a legend.

Fletcher put it this way: ". . . whereon is engraven her Grace's name, and the day and yeare of our arrival there, and of the free giving up, of the province and kingdom, both by the King and the people, into her Maiesties hands, together with her highnesse picture, and armes in a piece of six pence currant English monie, showing it selfe by a hole made of purpose through the plate; underneath was likewise engraven the name of our generall."

His document went on to say that the sea-weary sailors admired the "goodly country and rich soyle." Fletcher also described the trees, plants, herds of fat deer, squirrels and other animals as well as natives encountered during their brief stay.

Finally, after five weeks ashore, refitting and careening the ship, Drake sailed on and headed for the East Indies. He arrived home a year later, September 26, 1580, when he entered the Plymouth harbor to the astonishment of his neighbors. In his three year voyage, he had crossed the Pacific and circumnavigated the globe, the first Englishman to accomplish such a feat. The grateful Queen knighted him for his exploits, while Britons hailed him as the most famous man of his time. Now the Pacific Ocean could no longer be considered a closed Spanish Sea.

Thirteen years later, three years before Sir Francis died off the Panama Coast in 1596, a London map-maker, Jodocus Hondius reproduced an embellished chart of Drake's world girdling voyage. In one corner appeared a cove labelled "Portus Novae Albionis," or Port of New Albion, the California careenage. Using this as a base, students tried for generations to find a cove that matched it along California's 800-mile coastline. Nothing conclusive came of these efforts.

Suddenly in 1936, a startling discovery revived interest in the Drake mystery. That was when Beryle Shinn, a 26-year-old Oakland department store employee, went pheasant hunting with some friends in Marin County. During the day they drove south from San Rafael on the Greenbrae Road, which parallels the main highway about a mile or so to the west.

At the intersection with the road which runs from San Quentin Prison to Kentfield, Shinn's car had a flat tire. Since it was about lunch time, the hunters decided to picnic near where the disabled car stood. To get away from the traffic, they climbed up on the dry-grassy hill and sat down near some scattered stones. Shinn idly shied some of the stones downhill towards a gully.

(Continued on page 62)

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CHINA POLLY WAS A PIONEER

(Continued from page 33)

to Warren. It took several days for the doctor to reach Charlie. After examining the wound the doctor said that he could do nothing—Charlie Bemis was going to die. The doctor's fee was $500.

Polly refused to give up hope. She took over the job of caring for Charlie. With some cotton on a crochet hook she cleaned his wound and treated his eye with Chinese herbs. One day she found the slug in the back of his neck and removed it with a razor. Charlie improved rapidly and finally recovered. He did not even lose the sight of his eye, but was disfigured from the wound. By the time the wound healed, Charlie was in love with Polly and married her. It was not a formal ceremony but it satisfied the town people and Charlie and Polly. From that day on Charlie Bemis remained true to his Chinese wife.

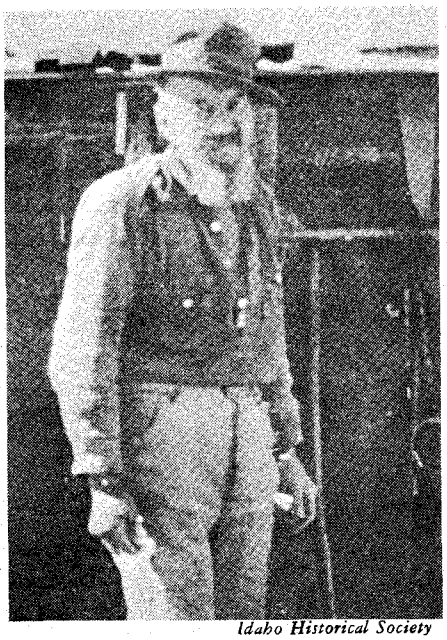
After curing Charlie, Polly became an unofficial nurse and doctor to the sick and wounded of Warren. She possessed some knowledge of practical nursing and used Chinese herbs. She effected many cures and the people of the settlement loved and respected her.

FINALLY, nearly all the mining claims around Warren played out. Many men moved on to other diggings and most of the business houses closed for lack of customers. Charlie's saloon felt the pinch and he moved to the Salmon River (River of No Return) and established a home on its banks. The spot he chose was near a great canyon 285 miles long and 6,000 feet deep.

There Bemis and Polly built a little cabin on their land and planted an orchard of cherry, pear, peach and plum trees. They also set out grapevines and berry cuttings. They planted corn and tobacco. Polly had a vegetable garden, raised chickens and ducks and kept a cow. They made good money selling produce to the miners of the region.

Polly learned how to catch the big fish in the river and also became an expert hunter. With game and produce the couple lived in comparative luxury, seldom having to buy food of any kind.

Charlie built a boat and rowed passengers across the river, always refusing pay for the favor. Often he and Polly invited travelers who came that way to share a meal with them. Polly was a perfect hostess. Once the Countess Gizycka passed the Bemis home and stopped. Polly took an instant liking to the Countess and in pidgin English told her life story to the lady. That was in 1921. In 1923 *Field & Stream* magazine published the story of Polly Bemis written by the Countess.



Idaho Historical Society

Charlie Bemis in his latter years.

The Warren-Dixie-Buffalo Hump Mining district was near the Bemis place and Polly and Charlie knew every inhabitant in the region. They became friendly with Captain Harry Guleke who was the first navigator to successfully pilot a boat over the dangerous rapids of the Salmon River.

Once when Charlie was hunting he found a baby cougar and brought it home. It was a great pet while young, but when it grew up Charlie let it go back to the wilds.

IN 1894, some twenty-four years after Charlie and Polly had been married the first time, he and Polly stood before a Justice of the Peace named Snead and went through a formal ceremony. It was done to keep Polly from being sent back to China and to protect her rights in case Charlie passed on first. The marriage certificate read as follows:

"This is to certify that on this 13th day of August 1894 I have joined in the holy bonds of matrimony Chas. A. Bemis and Miss Polly Nathoy at the residence of C.A. Bemis.

August 13, 1894.

Warren, Idaho Co.

A.D. Snead
Justice of
the Peace.

witness
W.J. Kelly
Geo. L. Patterson"

In that year there was much ill feeling against the Chinese and many were sent back to China. Polly had no desire to return to her birthplace. She loved Charlie and the little cabin on the Salmon River was home to her. She wanted to live and die there.

In 1922, when Charlie was seventy, he passed away. For fifty-two years he had been married to Polly and all of those years he had been a faithful, kind and loving husband. Little Polly was old, too, by then. Her once smooth face was etched with the lines of age, and her once jet black hair streaked with gray.

The year that Charlie died, Polly heard a radio for the first time. She refused to have one in her home, however, as she believed that "devil voices" came from the little box.

Her nearest neighbors were Charles Shepp and Peter Linkhammer who lived across the Salmon River opposite her cabin. They were kind to her and looked out for her daily.

The year after Charlie's death, Polly's eyes began to fail and her friends took her to Grangeville to a doctor. While staying at the home of Mrs. Bertha Long, Polly saw her first automobile, her first train and first movie. She was enchanted with the stores and their displays. Her eyes were treated and she was fitted with glasses. After a while she tired of the city and returned to her cabin on the Salmon River.

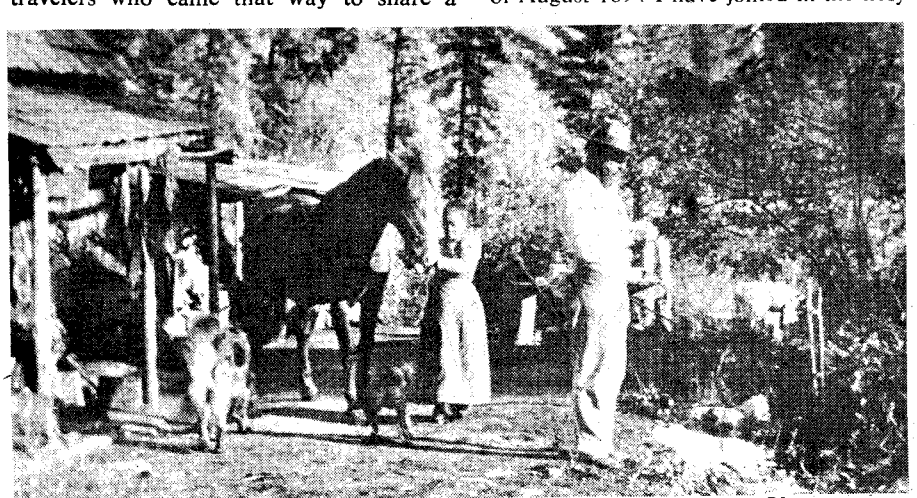
Shepp and Linkhammer worried about the little old lady living alone, so they installed a telephone in her home and connected it by a line across the river to their own instruments. They called Polly each day to check on her. She was delighted with the new gadget.

As the years passed and Polly's health began to fail, she deeded her home to her friends Shepp and Linkhammer and asked that they look after her until she joined Charlie. Polly lived in her cabin on the Salmon for eleven years after Charlie's passing. Then in 1933 she became seriously ill and was carried to a hospital in Grangeville. The trip was made over rough roads via horseback but Polly never whimpered on the long, wearying journey.

She remained in the hospital for two months, then in November she died and was buried at Grangeville.

Peter Linkhammer took her possessions to the museum at St. Gertrude's Convent in Cottonwood, Idaho. Among the items were some of Polly's exquisite needlework, some silver tablespoons with her name, Mrs. C.A. Bemis, engraved upon them, a silver ladle, silk lace, several of her dresses, two of her shawls, some curtains and Charlie's gold scales. They can be seen there today.

Yes, little Polly met every test imposed by the rugged West of the last century. Surely her courage, unselfishness, and ability to meet the Frontier on its own terms entitles her to an honored spot in the gallery of pioneer heroines. ●



Polly and Charlie Bemis in front of their cabin on the Salmon River.

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ED TEAGLE'S QUART OF WHISKEY

(Continued from page 13)

in front of miners and cowpunchers and beg them to abstain from whiskey. The crusading lady would walk into saloons and boldly knock all whiskey bottles off the counter.

Teagle resolved this problem by digging into the famous evangelist's past and finding out a few things which she did not want made known and then confronting her with the evidence. Right away she packed her things and moved out of town.

Ed Teagle, in his younger days, must have been quite a roughneck. He told us of the time a few teamsters appropriated a water hole near Johannesburg which belonged to him and which was to be used for the townspeople of Jo'burg, as Johannesburg was generally called. He drove the usurpers out of town in their underwear!

But perhaps the most fascinating of Ed Teagle's stories concerns a lost mine. As Ed said, it has not been written up yet, "So maybe you can go and find the gold someday."

John Carracart was a Basque sheep herder. "Everybody called him carry-cart," Teagle commented. "Straight as a string, he was—remember him well. Fine man."

John had come to this country together with his cousin to strike it rich so that they could return home and get married to their sweethearts whom they had left behind. But to keep themselves alive, they had to take jobs herding sheep in the beginning.

"These Basques are wonderful with sheep," Teagle said. "They have a way with the woolies—give a Basque a ram and a ewe and he has a huge flock in no time, and well taken care of."

The two cousins were herding sheep in the Argus range near Darwin, today a ghost town not too far off California State Route 190, which leads from Death Valley into Owens Valley. John, according to Teagle, was a poor prospector, but he had promised his girl back home that he would return with much money, and so one day he told his cousin to keep on taking care of the sheep while he would take a day or two off to do some prospecting. He left his cousin and the sheep at the head of Mountain Springs Canyon and began to walk toward what is called China Lake today, near the city of Ridgecrest.

He found himself in extremely rocky territory and, as he was climbing over some volcanic flow, he happened to look down and saw some yellow metal blinking at him from under his boots.

Like other sheep herders and mountain men, Carracart wore heavy iron clamps under his boots to make climbing safer, and apparently the clamp from one of his boots had scraped the black coating off a rock he had stepped on. Even Carracart, although he was an inexperienced prospector, realized that he was stepping on almost pure gold ore.

What to do? He looked around and saw only the crags of the mountains and, way down in the distance, the plains. He thought the wisest course for him to follow was to make his way to Johannesburg and have the ore assessed. He took his jacket off his shoulders and filled it full of gold ore, tying the sleeves together so that nothing could fall out.

Carracart now began to walk toward Jo'burg, but in his excitement, he took the wrong direction. His food and water soon gave out and yet he stumbled on, for in his arms he held the gold that would make it possible for him to send for his sweetheart. Night fell and Carracart kept going. And then day came and he arrived at a group of huge, fierce rocks today known as The Pyramids. The gold in his jacket felt heavier and heavier as Carracart, panting with exhaustion, climbed across the rocks. One by one, he discarded the pieces of ore, but he still had a good number of them when he stumbled into the home of an Indian named Charlie Whittacker on Little Lake.

Almost delirious, Carracart asked the Indian to give him food and water and then rush him to Jo'burg. Charlie owned a team of beautiful white horses and was glad to help the Basque, who never for a moment relinquished the jacket with the ore until he had safely arrived at Ed Teagle's Johannesburg Hotel.

For one month, Carracart remained with Teagle, slowly recovering from the ordeal. As soon as he could walk, he went to the Wells Fargo office to ask them to take the ore to the San Francisco Mint. In time he received a handsome check in return.

Meanwhile, he had hired a livery team and had driven back to the Argus Mountains to get his cousin, who had given him up for dead.

Teagle could not tell us how much the two men received for the gold. "They kept it a secret," Teagle said, "but I figure it was between ten and twenty thousand each—not bad in those days, anyway."

Rather than return to the mountains to look for more gold, the two Basques decided to board a steamer for Barcelona. "They stayed away for two months and then came back with their sweethearts," according to Teagle. "They were nice girls, I remember them well; I also remember that the ladies of Jo'burg took to them immediately and taught them how to speak English. They made fine wives for John Carracart and his cousin.

Ed Teagle's beloved Panamints as glimpsed through ruins at Ballarat.

John, he built himself a blacksmith shop and later, when the gold towns of the Mojave desert began to die out, he left Johannesburg."

We asked Teagle if Carracart ever returned to the mountains to look for more gold. "He sure did," Teagle nodded, "but he couldn't find it. You see, there are seven lava flows coming down from the Argus mountains, and one looks very much like the others. I looked for the mine myself—Carracart gave me a map. One day he told me he had had enough of looking for the gold. He said he had found enough to give him and his wife a head start and was doing all right as a blacksmith. But because I had helped him, putting him up in the hotel, he had drawn me a map which he wanted me to have."

Teagle had a good friend and partner, a geologist and metallurgist named Charles H. Churchill with whom he had, for years, been looking over all new gold and silver strikes. Together, they had visited the Comstock and the Mother Lode country, traveling with their mules "where the excitement was on." Now, the two men set out to look for Carracart's gold, but in vain. "We kept looking for six months and then moved on to some other place where we thought we had a better chance of making money."

In 1915, Ed Teagle moved to Los Angeles and went into the brokerage business. He also tried oil drilling, but lost a fortune. Finally, in the late 20's, he came across the Stockwell Mine northeast of Trona in the Panamints. A man called Greenleaf and his partner Bill Norvell had developed the 56 claims of the mine. Teagle reportedly bought the mine in 1924 for $100,000, but he made good money there and recovered from his losses in the oil business.

When we first met Teagle, he was in the process of selling his mine, but he was still living on the little hill north of Trona. At the age of 95, Ed has outlived not only his first wife, but a second wife as well. Since 1957 he has been living all by himself with only a couple of dogs and perhaps a rattler or two as companions.

We had been told that Teagle hated writers, and so we did not talk about newspaper work when we went to his

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house the first time. But we did write a little article about him and sent him a clipping of it through friends of ours in Trona who had first introduced us to him. When he read the article, he laughed uproariously.

"He's much too nice to be a newspaperman or a writer," Teagle exclaimed. "I liked him—and when he comes back to Trona again, tell him to stop by—I have many more stories to tell."

And he did tell us stories when we visited him again. Among them is the story of how he rid Johannesburg of the woman known as "Fightin' Kate Cogland."

"Believe it or not," Teagle chuckled, "she was a school teacher. She had recommendations from a printer, a lawyer and a businessman, so we signed her up as a teacher for our kids. We wanted the best, you know—had twenty applications and she seemed the most qualified, according to those recommendations, anyway."

There were 52 pupils in Johannesburg, Teagle continued, and he and Churchill were about to leave for northwest Nevada where a new strike was on when "Fightin' Kate" was hired.

"We were sure things would turn out all right at home," Teagle said, "we had the new school marm, well recommended, who would take care of our youngsters. Then we came home in the fall of 1908 or 1909, I believe; we got in one Tuesday afternoon at three. We were pretty dirty—had been away three or four months. So we passed by the school house and we saw some 65 or 70 people standing in the street.

"Who got murdered here?" I asked someone. They told us we'd find out. Well, we did find out. Fightin' Kate Cogland was teaching just five kids. She had a bullwhip in her hands and a .32 revolver on the desk in front of her. I stepped up to her," Teagle continued, "and she reached for her gun. But I 'kneed' her out, if you know what I mean—and told her to git and never to come back. You should have heard her holler. She said she was going to have me arrested and I told her to go ahead. So she went to Judge Black in Randsburg—man with heavy whiskers, he was—and he was about to swear out a warrant for my arrest. So I had a good talk with the judge and told him to talk to the population of Jo'burg, and that was the end of it. Believe Fightin' Kate was finally put into an asylum."

Some of Ed Teagle's stories were rough, but rough was the life of the men who made the west what it is today. Ed Teagle was still around the last time we visited Trona, still living on the little hill north of town, alone with his dogs, at the foot of the Panamints, thinking back on a long and fascinating life. ●

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CHIEF SCARBREAST RAIDS ORAIBI

(Continued from page 31)

We have all the enemy belongings that we can carry away!"

The lancers trotted off with their backs to watching enemies as though making for their horses, which were being held for them outside the pueblo. Mistakenly believing the Navajos were in full retreat, the Hopis could not resist the temptation to rush forward in a final try at defeating and killing the raiders. Out of a side runway they poured so fast, in such a clogging stream, that the main street was blocked from wall to wall.

It was a most reckless maneuver, since they were unaware of the waiting bowmen above. Flights of arrows twanged through space, the long shafts driving the points completely through the human targets. Dozens of the village's defenders were mowed down in their tracks before they could reverse themselves, and turn to escape the trap. Even then, with bowmen shifting to the opening through which they must escape, piles of dead and dying hampered full flight.

Meanwhile at height of the doomed sortie the Navajo lancers drove in quickly, and many a Hopi back was literally torn apart by the long, cruel points. Some who faced the enemy charge were disemboweled. Fading before onrushing calamity, other Hopis were literally knocked down and trampled to death by the massed rush to escape the inevitable.

At the last moment, abandoning long lances, charging Navajos drew knives, going into physical combat body to body.

Those who managed to escape temporarily were pursued and cut to pieces in a wild free-for-all. Gradually the noise of conflict, and painful cries of the dying, simmered down to only an occasional outburst.

Thus it was that within minutes the bloodiest incident of the raid began and concluded. In the newly seized rooms cowered women and children. On Scarbreast's orders they were led out unharmed and sent through the lines into the east side of the pueblo.

From the protection there the Hopis took up a chant of yelled insults, "You women killer coyotes! Animal ravagers of children!"

By cunning trickery, for which he was famous, Scarbreast gained what he needed, possession of the southwest corner of the village, even while defending Hopis managed to scale the southeast wall, driving away bowmen who held the roof tops there. Thereafter they managed to hold positions in the extreme corner section, but the continued cost in lives for the Hopis remained extremely heavy.

Navajo bowmen across the main street and on the north high points slung arrows into exposed defenders with deadly regularity. Hopis tore stones loose from the wall coamings to provide a make-shift breast works to dodge behind. But to string an arrow and let it go, they had to expose themselves by raising higher, which usually brought death.

Scarbreast, a huge man six feet four inches tall, walked around openly. Disdainful of the occasional arrow his commanding figure drew, he continued supervising details of the sacking.

It was this same recklessness in battle with the Utes a few years before that had gained him his name. Making a lone stand, contemptuous of the hated enemy, he was charged from a strong position by a mounted Ute wielding a short buffalo hunting lance, which gashed across his chest inflicting a long wound. Because of the ragged, livid scar, he was thereafter known as Scarbreast. The name struck terror into enemies of the Navajo.

The street was far too narrow to bring in a large number of ponies or mules to be loaded. Holes were broken into the lower west walls, and grain, dried peaches and apricots were loaded through them.

However, Scarbreast did not intend to pillage the entire village. In fact, he did not have nearly enough men to drive the defenders completely out in order to accomplish it. He planned only to take enough to load the pack stock. When the looting seemed to be dragging on he ordered a few more stock brought into the pueblo. Blankets and robes taken from the family dwellings were also used to pack the spoils of war. This now consisted also of personal possessions and home furnishings. This visible stealing of enormous amounts of their goods goaded the defenders unbearably.

Easily guessing their next move, Scarbreast waited for the next charge-out, sure to be made in force. It materialized with much noise and defiant yells from the ground floors. The small openings abruptly spewed Hopis in an attempt to kill or drive off looters.

Bowmen on the roof tops again poured a stream of arrows into them. Three shafts were held in the right hand that pulled the string, and four gripped in the mouth. This made for almost automatic loosening. But they could not alone have stopped the onrushing Hopis who were determined to wipe out the invaders. The knife men went to work again.

The Hopis fought so bravely even the Navajos grudgingly admired their courage. Despite their great numbers they were not equal to the skill and brute strength of the big Navajos, they had little chance against the strategy of the master guerrilla chief—street and dwelling fighting was one of his specialties. The brave charge went down to defeat, although not at such terrific cost as the earlier one.

Raiders had not covered the east wall of the pueblo. No plan existed to attack there or occupy any portion of that half of the village. Under its cover, unknown to the Navajos, five hundred Hopis massed for a flank attack. It would be their last do or die effort. It remained their only hope now to save the greater portion of their food supply. Armed with clubs, knives, stabbing lances and bows and arrows, they formed lines and moved forward with military precision to the north.

The Navajo did not call them "moosey" (cat) without good reason. Taking advantage of wall shadows at the extreme north end, they closed files and slipped along it to where starlight shone over open space. Collecting there in massed formation they waited briefly. On a low-voiced command by a war chief the forward elements plunged on around the wall into the rear of the raiders on the main street.

As they charged, shrieking defiant war cries, an owl hooted somewhere on the plateau. Unfortunately they failed to pay any attention to the unusually loud cry of the nocturnal creature. The signal issued from a human tongue yet was so natural it was not easily detected.

A small body of mounted Navajo lancers guarded against possible approach of a relieving force from the other Hopi villages—or just such a sortie as this. The owl cry sent them forward. The hapless defenders were unaware of their whirlwind approach until the thunder of hooves rang out on the flat stone surface of the lower mesa.

The Hopi force broke apart in sudden panic. The larger portion fled back to protection of the east wall. Those already inside the village main street turned about too late to oppose the unforeseen danger.

The looters and raiders inside had already melted into defense positions before the advancing and onslaught, and the Hopis were caught between them and the lancers. The outcries of the wounded and dying filled the air as other Hopis tried to flee to safety while the terrible lances exacted a savage toll among them.

As well trained as they were, the riders did not escape without mishap. A lancer, carelessly driving his spear point all the way through the body of a man could not withdraw it in the usual swift way, and the hardwood shaft broke at half its length. His mount swerved at the same instant of contact. In the bat of an eye

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he was impaled on the splintered end, screaming horribly.

A big crash-up of lancers occurred on the spot. Horses and riders fell in a heap, a number injured slightly in the spill. While they were untangling themselves many of the Hopis managed to reach points of safety. Only a few were cut down by bowmen while sprinting away.

The wounded Blackwhiskers smoothly brought order out of chaos. Limping horses injured in falls were led away. Riding gear—the high cantled Spanish type saddles—were shifted to extra mounts. The reformed and badly battered group of lancers drew off into position beyond the pueblo.

The mishap slowed down the looters for awhile. Scarbreast regarded the sky anxiously. According to plan they should be well gone from Oraibi by breaking dawn. He had not tried to guard against Hopis escaping the village to spread the alarm, because it would have been impossible without more warriors. The Hopis were noted for long distance running. Soon after the initial attack, pleas for aid should be bringing them help from the distant pueblo villages.

To counteract that possibility Scarbreast shifted bowmen and lancers outside to the south end trails. From that position they would be able to repel a relief band heedlessly rushing in.

To provide that necessary guard weakened the fighting force in the village. Discovering that only a few raiders manned positions, the defenders began making sorties.

The first sally resulted in a bowman being whacked to death within seconds after contact. A forward rush by three raiders drove them back to cover. At the same time a second sortie erupted farther down the way. Still a third was mounted in larger force while the second was being driven off.

The springing up of so many nuisance charges forced restationing the bowmen on the west roofs. Looters then prowled and poked into the ground floor family dwellings seeking any overlooked gleanings.

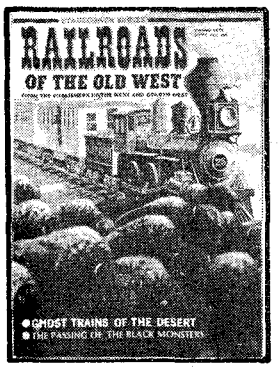
Scarbreast hurried completion of the sacking. Every head of pack stock was loaded when a rider galloped into the south end of the street; he went directly to Scarbreast.

"They are coming by the hundreds," he leaned from his horse to whisper to him. "Long lines of them running through the starlight!"

The raiders were ready to retreat anyway, since streaks of dull silver already lightened the eastern sky. Issuing quiet instructions to the lancer messenger, he began to pull his men out.

(Continued on page 48)

THE GREATEST COMBINATION SINCE THE GOLDEN SPIKE JOINED THE EAST AND WEST



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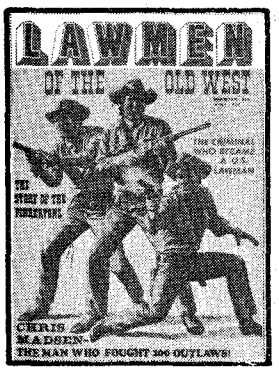

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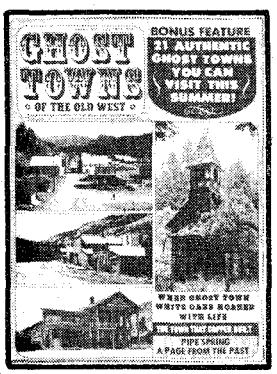

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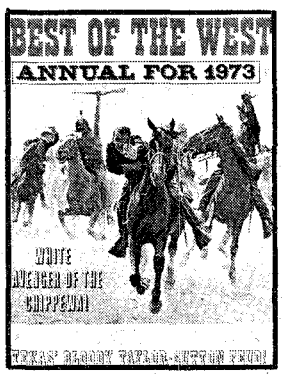

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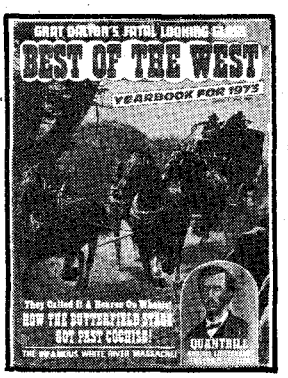

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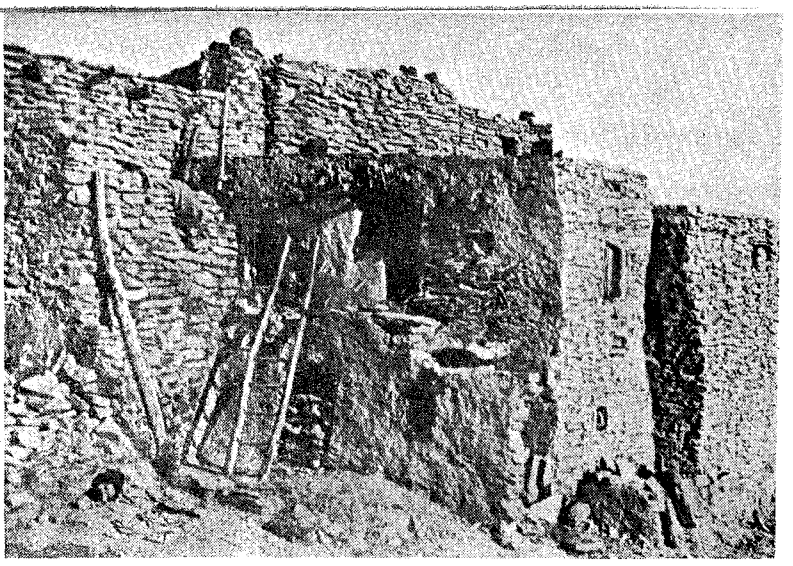
CHIEF SCARBREAST RAIDS ORAIBI

(Continued from page 47)

As fast as they were loaded the packed stock had been streaming north into Black Mountain. A rear guard followed the remnant out. Mounting up, Scarbreast waited with Blackwhiskers' mounted bowmen until the lancers trotted around the village. Nota had gone on with the long pack train. With it were the bodies of the dead destined for secret burial places.

The remaining force drew away slowly until the first covering woods was reached. The lancers were deployed into hiding



Another section of ruins of old Oraibi, Hopis' pueblo.

A likeness of a 14-inch long flint spear point, like those used by Navajo lancers long ago.

while the bowmen moved on a short distance, to make a stand if pursuers broke through.

Scarbreast assumed a watching post farther out. A full hour elapsed, and the sun was high when the first Hopis emerged from the stricken village.

They didn't have much stomach for the chase anyway. Also they considered the raiders well gone by then. They came forward at a tireless jog trot, a pace that could wear down a horse. Crossing through some gray rocks they came on into the area of plateau timber. Scattered wide apart, the lancers suddenly drove at them, their jubilant war cries ringing on the clear morning air.

Before full contact could be made the Hopis from the other pueblos were already melting away. The skirmish proved brief. The unwounded Hopies fled so fast that only three or four were run down and killed like rabbits.

Hopi scouts were certain to press forward and they would be killed in order to discourage others from trying to track the raiders down. If the Navajos were traced to their hogans in the canyons where lived small vengence raids might well ensure. These pinpointed raids were the most feared because family units taken unawares were completely wiped out. Scarbreast intended to hide his getaway trail to guard against retaliation.

The first scouts came in pairs, moving in from the east higher up. Their angle to the north forced the bowmen to retreat through the timber to another advantageous position. Leading their mounts, they hurried up, until Blackwhiskers discovered more enemy scouts approaching from the west. Having run around the first assault line the Hopis used strategy of their own.

But they were not going to be allowed to form and come down on the raiders' rear. During this maneuvering Scarbreast shifted his lancers into a new stand.

There were not too many of the scouts; they combined to form one body where they sought to place themselves behind the raiders' rear guard. Only one scout advanced southward alone. He wanted to sniff out the trail, and also to make sure that no Navajos waited below to close a trap on them.

But the Navajo bowmen moved into line afoot and filled the air with arrows. As the Hopis sprang into action and before they could start running hard, the lancers on horseback charged into them. For a second time it was like chasing rabbits—rabbits that dodged crookedly in many directions.

When the skirmish ended Scarbreast led off to catch up with the faster moving pack train. The Hopis would expect him to lay more blocks to halt pursuit. Which was what he wanted them to imagine—that he was still hanging around with a few warriors.

In the pillaged village no fires had been set. The Navajos had committed no permanent destruction of property because they might want to make a return call before bitter winter set in on the Kaibeto Plateau where his people lived. Thus he considered it wise to allow Hopis to live and provide extra food handy for the taking.

Scarbreast could not have stood off a determined attack by a large force anyway. Every raider had suffered some type of wound, from minor to serious. Yet there had been only five dead retrieved from the battle scene. This was an unbelievably small loss against so many Oraibi defenders. Indeed, in later years when accounts of it were given by Navajos in the raid, and by the Hopis themselves, few could credit the almost negligible losses, or that so few slaughtered almost three times their number.

Scarbreast considered the swift raid a successful one, even though he had not wiped out or destroyed the village.

So heavy had been the death loss inflicted on Oraibi that the village never recovered from the devastating blow. The way in which the defense had been made drew much bitter criticism of the Oraibi leaders. They were divided into two factions, later to be called the "Friendlies" and the "Hostiles."

Oraibi's population was the lowest in its history when, in 1905, the two factions went to war. This resulted in a splitting off and the establishment of Hoteville and two other pueblos. Oraibi then regressed into nothing but a dusty, windswift village of less than a hundred people, until a resurgence took place in recent years.

Scarbreast's great raid was, in a way, one of mass murder, helpless victims. But in those times it was the general practice of tribes on the warpath to decimate the enemy, including women and children. The Hopis also adhered to this rule. They had done the same thing to Navajos, wiping out family units unable to defend themselves.

Worse still—and this drew the Navajos' bitterest hatred—they took small children as slaves to sell to the New Mexicans.

The Oraibi raid in 1835 was undoubtedly the worst and largest massacre in history inflicted against any of the pueblos of Arizona or New Mexico. ●

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HE PIONEERED THE APPLEGATE TRAIL

(Continued from page 15)

which was to result in the death of Jesse's son, Edward — named for his friend, Edward Bates — and Lindsay's eldest son, by drowning in the Columbia River crossing.

Since The Applegates owned most of the livestock with the train Jesse was appointed captain of the "cow column," and it was out of this experience that his now famous narrative, "A Day With the Cow Column," was written.

Jesse Applegate's compass also proved to be invaluable to the crossing. He used it to survey a wagon road over the western section of the trail, for none had previously been opened beyond Fort Hall. He also surveyed a canal around the falls of the Willamette River, at Oregon City.

Upon their arrival in the Oregon Country the three Applegate brothers settled in the lower Willamette Valley, taking up farms in Polk County, where Jesse soon displayed the qualities of leadership for which he became well known.

One of his first accomplishments was the laying out of a road in Polk County. When this was accomplished, Jesse, with his brother Lindsay and a group of fellow settlers, returned east, determined to pioneer a southern route from Fort Hall. This would enable emigrants to make the entire trek west by wagon and team, thus avoiding the hazards of the final lap of the journey by boat down the Columbia.

Jesse Applegate would not soon forget the tragic loss of his son and nephew to the savage waters of the Columbia. It was his hope to avert this tragedy for other pioneering families.

He and his brother had yet another reason for attempting to establish a new route to the Oregon Country. Migration of settlers from the eastern states was imperative to the development of the wild, new land. But the existing wagon road known as the "Oregon Trail" passed three British forts — Fort Hall; Fort Boise and Fort Walla Walla. The Hudson's Bay men, stationed at these points, had, up to this time, posed no threat to travelers. Yet, the Applegates and others didn't quite trust them.

"It's a situation that can change overnight," Jesse Applegate reasoned.

It becomes a matter of patriotic duty to provide a new route through territory where no possible interference from the British existed.

However, the new trail, which is known today as the Applegate Road and which was called by the various travelers of that day South Road, or the Applegate-Scott Road, proved to have hazards of its own.

It can well be imagined that emigrants, leaving the main trail to traverse its endless miles through the god-forsaken lava flats, may have cursed the Applegates for having led them astray. Going was undeniably tough, at times. There were those who, having no faith in the new road, referred to it as the Greenhorn, or Cape Horn, route.

The Applegate Road left the main overland route, which led into California, at a point near the present site of Rye Patch Reservoir, in northwest Nevada. From there, it traversed the treacherous Black Rock desert into California, arriving at the base of the Warner Mountains at a point near Cedarville.

The road then led upward through Fandango Pass, and onto the eastern shore of Goose Lake. The water level of the lake determined the course of the road at this point. In dry years, wagons passed over the lake bed itself, to the west shore, where the trail took a sharp turn to the north, up through the Tule Lake Valley, and into the Klamath Lake basin.

It contained westward, through what are now known as the Green Spring and Dead Indian Mountains, into the Rogue River Country, and northward again, into the valleys of the Umpqua and Willamette Rivers.

When the forty-niners rushed westward, burning for California gold, they usurped a portion of the road, combining it with the route that became known as the Lassen Trail, competing on the stretch between the Humboldt and Goose Lake with the settlers for the scant water and forage.

At Goose Lake, the Oregon-bound emigrants were on their own, and the wheels of the wagons cut deep into Applegate's road, sinking into the gumbo alkali of the deceptively dry lake bed as they forged onward. It is said that 1849 was a dry year, and that is the year that the wagons are believed to have cut across Goose Lake, instead of going around. Sometime after 1849, the lake filled again, and the deep ruts across it were lost until the 1920's, when the water receded once more and the old roadbed reappeared, the ten-inch deep wagon tracks almost perfectly preserved.

One of the most important contributions to historical data on the road surveyed by Applegate well over a century before, occurred in 1961, when a Klamath Falls youth discovered a grave near Pot Holes Springs in Modoc County, California.

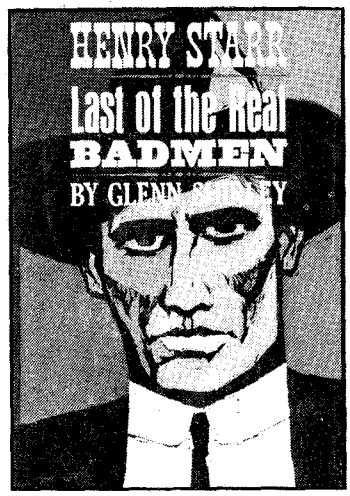
The grave was marked by a rock, and identified as the site where a lad of 14 had been buried 110 years before. The lava stone marker read: Lloyd Dean Shook; Age 14, October 11, 1851.

The deeply carved inscription had

(Continued on page 50)

HENRY STARR DIDN'T LIVE A DULL LIFE

Convicted of killing a deputy U.S. marshal ...Twice sentenced to die on the gallows and twice commuted...Fifteen year sentence to federal prison commuted...Just seven years later sentenced to prison again for bank robbery...Two years after parole from Colorado prison, wounded and captured in double bank robbery in Oklahoma...Sentenced to 25 years, granted parole after four, and went straight...Produced motion picture showing crime doesn't pay...Two years later fatally wounded in bank robbery...



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HE PIONEERED THE APPLEGATE TRAIL

(Continued from page 49)

gone undetected throughout the years, probably due to the ruggedness of the terrain.

According to historical data there seems to have been only one train over the Applegate Road in 1851, the Hills-Riddle train which consisted of twelve wagons. It seems probable that the Shook boy, a member of the train, died as the wagons neared or stopped at the spring.

There can be no doubt that the Applegate Road proved disastrous to many. Water holes that had been there when Jesse Applegate surveyed the trail disappeared in dry seasons. The road wound at times past springs hot enough to boil coffee; the only water supplies came from small holes many miles apart, and as often as not, strong with alkali.

At what has since become known as Fandango Pass it was necessary to hitch all oxen to a single wagon, which was then lowered over the steep walls. On one crossing, a wagon loaded with women and children broke loose and crashed to the canyon floor, with no survivors.

Another hazard was the presence of hostile Indians in the area. In 1852, at a point where the Applegate Road skirted the shores of Tule Lake, a train was attacked by a group of Modoc Indians who resented the intrusion of the white man into their sacred lands. The spot went down in history as "Bloody Point."

Tabitha Moffat Brown, who traveled west by wagon train in 1846, and who later became well known in Oregon as Grandma Brown, wrote of her journey over the "new cut-off" in a letter to relatives left in the East. There can be little doubt that Mrs. Brown referred to Applegate's new road.

"The novelty of our journey, with few exceptions, was pleasing and prosperous until after we had passed Fort Hall. Then we were within 800 miles of Oregon City; if we had kept on the old road, down the Columbia River," Mrs. Brown wrote. "But three or four trains of emigrants were decoyed off by a rascally fellow that came out from the settlement in Oregon, assuring us that he had found a new cut-off; that if we would follow him, we would be in the settlement long before those that had gone down the Columbia . . ."

She and several others of her party yielded to the "rascally" fellow's advice. There can be little doubt that the man was Applegate.

"Our sufferings from that time on no tongue can tell," Grandma Brown continued. "He left a pilot with us who proved to be an excellent man, otherwise we would never have seen Oregon . . . We had 60 miles of desert, without grass or water; mountains to climb; cattle giving out; wagons breaking; emigrants sick and dying; hostile Indians to guard against by night and day to keep from being killed or having our horses and cattle arrowed and stolen . . .

"We were carried south of Oregon hundreds of miles into Utah Territory and California; fell in with the Clamotte *(sic)* and Rogue River Indians; lost nearly all of our cattle, and passed the Umpqua Mountain, 12 miles through. I rode through in three days at the risk of my life, on horseback, having lost my wagon and all that I had but the horse that I was on . . . Out of hundreds of wagons but one came through without breaking."

The tortuous journey over this fabled new short cut was not yet ended. After struggling through swollen streams "up to the horse's sides" Mrs. Brown's party came to yet more mountains to cross, and encountered only "Indians and wild beasts."

Winter had set in, and the party was still many miles from any white settlement.

When at last the group crossed over the final mountain into the Willamette Valley, they were without provisions, most of the personal goods they had brought with them had been lost, and they were entirely disillusioned with the "new road."

His founding of the Applegate Road seems to be the one black mark against Jesse Applegate, although all of the trails followed by the pioneers had their hazards, and who can say that one might have been more risky than another.

Being a hardy man, Applegate is said to have traveled sixty miles a day, on foot, carrying his bedroll and instruments upon his back. It is possible that he failed to take into account the tediously slow movements of an entire wagon train when he laid out his new road to the west. And once the wagons had started along it, it was too late to turn back.

Back in Oregon, Jesse Applegate resumed life as a gentleman farmer-statesman, calling upon his powers of leadership and his skill as a speaker and writer to bring into being a soundly constructed constitution. He was responsible for the adoption of the new and adequate "Provisional" constitution of 1845, in Oregon, and for many of the laws put through that same year.

It was Applegate who arranged the temporary union of the American settlements with the Hudson Bay Company to promote peace and order in the youthful Oregon Country, until the boundary lines could be settled. This move became known as the Organic Act.

During the June, 1845 session of the Territorial Legislature, Jesse Applegate introduced a bill to prohibit dueling in Oregon Territory, and within less than an hour after its introduction the bill had been signed, returned and made law.

In the fall of 1847, following the tragic Whitman Massacre, Jesse Applegate penned a most moving appeal to Congress, asking the government for protection against the Indians, through the nation's laws and military strength.

His appeal was flatly refused. Later that same year he headed a party of ten men bound for California, acting as messengers for the territory, to make an appeal for aid from the Military Governor of California.

"Oregon Territory is deficient in the grand essentials of war, such as men, arms and treasure, to fight Indians," Applegate said, in his eloquent manner, and he was determined to do something about it.

At the same time that he and his party were journeying south to seek aid from California's Governor, Joseph Meek was dispatched to Washington D.C. on a similar errand.

Jesse Applegate failed in his mission, being forced to turn back before reaching California by the deep snows covering the Siskiyou Mountains. His dispatches had to be forwarded by sea.

Meek's trip to Washington proved equally fruitless and the settlers of the Willamette were forced to carry on war against the local Indian tribes without aid, until such a time as the government saw fit to extend its protection over the struggling new territory.

Throughout his lifetime, Jesse Applegate exerted his influence, through letters and articles, to newspapers all over the country. He corresponded extensively with friends and statesmen, giving advice, setting down his thoughts on a variety of problems unique to a newly developing state.

In his later years, because of his extreme interest in political affairs and his ready advice, he became known as the "Sage of Yoncalla." His land then was in the remote Umpqua Valley of Southwestern Oregon, where he raised cattle for the California markets.

During this period of his life, he made extensive surveys throughout the southern mountains of the state, and laid out plans for the building of railroads.

Full of years and honors he died on April 22, 1888, at the age of 76, and was buried on the slope of Mt. Yoncalla, overlooking the Valley of the Umpqua, a land he pioneered 40 years earlier. ●

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ADVENTURES OF A RANGE DOCTOR

(Continued from page 19)

The liveryman usually selected the mounts he wanted from bands of wild range horses driven through town on their way to outside markets. Bronc peelers then broke or gentled these for riding or pulling vehicles.

Calls to patients fifty to seventy-five miles from town were common, and sometimes the doctor traveled more than a hundred miles on horseback, sometimes by relay, to see a patient. On hurried calls the doctor, like the sheriff chasing a criminal, could stop at any ranch and get a fresh horse or team if the need arose. There were standing orders on all large spreads to furnish the sheriff or doctor with the best saddle horse there.

It was a dreary February day. After a week of intermittent snowing and raining, the temperature had risen, and heavy rains filled the streams to overflowing. A strange horseman came splashing across the prairie through the slush to the house of a rancher who lived at the end of a local telephone line.

"Send a doctor out to the old Meadows homestead," he shouted without dismounting, then wheeled his horse and galloped away.

Dr. Coe was told that the now deserted homestead was about eighty-five miles away. It was near the foot of a great butte formed of lava and cinders, 500 feet high, near the edge of a wide-sweeping plain. The only road leading through that section crossed a stream that had no bridge.

In spite of the wild rumors and ghost stories he had heard about the place, Dr. Coe did not hesitate, for he always answered all the calls he received. He could drive a team and buggy the first forty-five miles to a ranch. From there on to the butte he was to ride horseback.

The slushy road made traveling slow and it was daylight when the doctor reached the ranch house where he was scheduled to change horses. Cowhands were just filing into the cookshack for breakfast. The foreman sent a couple of cowhands to care for the doctor's team, and to saddle a fresh horse for him to make the final leg of the journey. As Dr. Coe ate, he and the rancher talked about the strange call to the supposedly abandoned ranch house at the butte.

"Some goldurn horse thieves up there must have run into bad luck," the rancher said. "I hope you capture the outlaws."

Dr. Coe rode along the riverbank at the foot of the butte looking for a suitable place to cross, but when he found it the bronc hesitated and snorted at the cold rushing water.

A dig in the side with the spurs sent the horse plunging and splashing into the middle of the stream. Holding his medicine bag high above his head, the doctor clung to the saddle and came out on the other side of the river, dripping wet and chilled to the bone. A strong breeze was beginning to blow, and the temperature was dropping fast. A few snowflakes were flying in the air.

Dr. Coe thought of the long distance back to town, and then of the injured man at the butte who was expecting a doctor. The man he was going to see might be a horse thief, for all he knew, but a doctor's duty was to aid the sick and injured. He would be criminally negligent if he did not go on.

The temperature continued to fall, the wet clothes were frozen stiff, and the doctor still had miles to go. He was exhausted and sleepy, for he had covered almost forty miles without rest. His feet and hands were numb, and the numbness was spreading throughout his entire body.

It was beginning to snow harder. By sheer will power and determination he rode on blindly, letting his horse take over the reins. There ceased to be feeling in his body, and he realized that he was beginning to experience the first unmistakable symptoms of freezing. Except that freezing to death now did not seem so terrible after all.

The doctor tried to rouse himself and made a final desperate effort to concentrate on some shadowy objects before his eyes. But his head whirled, and as he reeled in the saddle, a great light flashed before him just before the whole white world went black.

When he regained consciousness he was in the cabin at the foot of the butte, and it was night. He was wrapped in a warm blanket beside a sheet-iron camp stove that glowed red-hot in spots. From the rafter hung a lantern which illuminated the four men who were in the room with him.

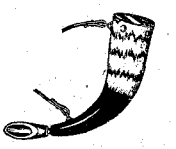
One lay mumbling and restless on a cot, while three others sat on a bed of pine boughs covered with blankets.

The men eyed the doctor in silence for a moment, then the red-whiskered one began with a string of oaths, but finally calmed himself. "Doc, I'm shore glad you're here," he said. "Tex has been out of his head since night before last. We figured you might not get here before tomorrow, but hell-up-a-mountain if you didn't cross that dangerous Bear Creek in flood instead of building a fire on the other side to wait for it to go down. You shore was tuckered out when we pulled you off that horse."

The man handed him a cup of black coffee. "Here, take a little of this into your gizzard while I fix Tex up."

Dr. Coe took the cup eagerly but sipped

(Continued on page 52)



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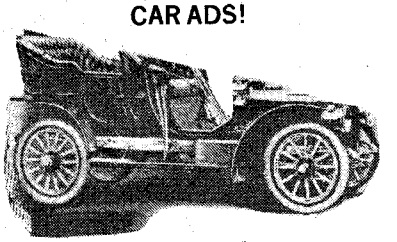

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ADVENTURES OF A RANGE DOCTOR

(Continued from page 51)

it slowly.

"What happened to Tex?" he finally asked.

The red-whiskered one seemed to be known as Grizzly. As soon as he heard the name Grizzly, Dr. Coe remembered what some of the stockmen had told him. Grizzly Colton was the leader of a band of horse thieves and cattle rustlers that infested the high desert country.

"Tex got shot up some, Doc. Pretty bad, I reckon."

"How did it happen?" the doctor asked, and saw immediately that he should not have spoken. The men on the pine-bough bed began cursing him. Grizzly warned the men to be quiet, glancing at the doctor with a cold glitter in his narrowed eyes.

"Well, hell-up-a-mountain, he must have got in front of a gun that went off," Grizzly answered gruffly. "But that part ain't none of your business, Doc. You are here to help Tex, and then get out of here! If you keep your mouth shut about all of this you'll get your pay some day. But if you ever let out a yap, you won't live to need any money. Understand?"

Dr. Coe understood perfectly, and had no doubt of the man's intentions. Still wrapped in a blanket, he examined Tex while Grizzly held the lantern. After giving the seriously injured man a hypodermic, he examined the two other men. They had infected bullet wounds which were not too serious. By the time the doctor, dressed in his drying clothes, ate a breakfast of camp bread, jerked meat, stewed apricots, and coffee which Grizzly had prepared, Tex had the full effect of the hypodermic, and the doctor began to dress his wounds.

A rifle bullet had cruelly shattered an inch and a half of bone in his left arm. Splinters of bone and strips of dead tissue were trimmed away, muscles were stitched, and the arm put in splints made from pine shakes from the roof of the barn.

Another bullet had struck the man's right leg just above the knee, penetrated to the deep fascia, and ranged upward and out in the groin. The doctor found a wad of hair from Tex's angora chaps pushed half way up the thigh by the bullet. Pus was oozing from each end of the leg wound. An incision had to be made in each end of the wound, the wad of hair removed, and the wound swabbed with carbolic acid and alcohol. Drains were inserted and the incision partly closed with stitches.

When the dressings were finished, Dr. Coe fell across one end of the pine-bough bed and was soon in a deep sleep. He was physically and mentally exhausted. Several times he roused himself, moaning in his sleep from tiredness. After a couple of days at the butte the doctor showed Grizzly how to do a complete dressing of the wounds. Then he rode away home, but not before he was warned again to keep his mouth shut about what he had seen and heard at the butte. In as few words as he could, Dr. Coe assured Grizzly that he would do just that.

On a hot, dry day the following summer a cowboy rode up in front of the store at Farewell Bend, handed Dr. Coe a small buckskin sack, spurred his unruly horse and rode hurriedly away. The doctor recognized him as one of the horse thieves he had treated at the butte, but the man was gone before he could thank him for the money, the exact amount (in gold) he had charged for his trip.

Then one morning a telephone call came that Grizzly wanted the doctor to meet him at a ranch east of town as soon as possible. Dr. Coe hurried out there, with no thought of treachery, and found a young cowboy called Joe unconscious in a bunkhouse.

Grizzly with several others had been rounding up wild horses on the range when Joe's horse had run into a wire fence. The top wire broke and one end of it caught in the boy's spur, dragging him from the saddle. Grizzly was fond of Joe, and plainly grieved when he was told the boy's skull was fractured and there was no chance for him to recover.

Joe's only brother was sent for and he wept aloud when he stood at the dying boy's bedside. He told the horse rustlers gathered round how his younger brother had been wayward and had run away from home to escape the law. His parents were broken hearted and disgraced, but they had written many times asking Joe to return and be with them in their old age.

"We never wrote them," the older brother lamented. "Now I haven't got the nerve to write them."

All was silence for a few moments. Far out on the range a coyote howled mournfully, a cow bawled in the canyon, and a wild stallion snorted his warning of danger to a band of mares. The boys gazed silently into the campfire.

Grizzly finally lifted his head, and with tears glistening in his eyes he told them there would be no riding for at least a day. Every hell-up-a-mountain buckaroo among them who had a mother had to write to her, and if they didn't, Grizzly would do it for them.

It was several years later that Dr. Coe happened to drop into the sheriff's office and saw Grizzly in handcuffs. He had been brought in with a group of horse thieves and didn't know how much evidence could be proved against him. He talked freely to the doctor about his troubles.

Dr. Coe said, "There is little I can do to help you now, Grizzly, but if the law does send you up, there is something I would like to know. Did the boys out at the butte, the night I fixed Tex up, intend to kill me?"

Grizzly was startled. For a moment he studied the doctor's face. "Yes," he said frankly, "they sure did intend to kill you, Doc. But when they saw the way you fixed Tex up, they decided you were all right."

Grizzly was sent to prison for a long term, and Dr. Coe regretted he could not talk with him again before he was taken away. He knew that many of the wildest and most reckless men of the range had a great deal of sentiment and good will hidden away behind their rough exteriors.

Dr. Coe continued to go where he was called, traveling up and down the Oregon territory, riding horseback over the mountainous terrain, riding the stage, or using the livery team and buggy until the railroad finally reached Farewell Bend. On October 5, 1911, the golden spike was driven home and the frontier was pushed back at least 160 miles from the Columbus River.

The automobile arrived about the same time to push the horse and buggy still farther into remote regions. People of every race and culture came pouring into the northwestern country to mingle with the pioneers, ranchers and buckaroos. Then came schools, hospitals and the churches. Health ordinances, sewer systems, and a town council, with Dr. Coe as mayor, came into being. These changes brought nostalgia to men like Dr. Coe who were bound up with the lives, emotions and creeds of the frontier.

The years brought prestige and some renown to this range doctor. He began to write about his colorful experiences; first published articles and then a book, *Frontier Doctor.*

Dr. Coe's reputation and influence was far-reaching but he felt that the greatest tribute he could ever receive was to be remembered by thousands of people on a vast new frontier whom he had helped free from disease. To some of them he was a saint, to others a living legend of a devoted doctor. To many he was a pioneer, and to all he was a friend. ●

This segment was taken from a book, Cowboys and Cattlemen, by Lela and Rufus Waltrip. Our thanks to the publishers for permission to print this article.

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TEXAS CAPITOL

(Continued from page 37)

the Capitol Building Commission. "I tell you, copper roofing won't work. I've built lots of buildings in my life and I know what I'm talking about. Your Austin climate changes too much. A copper roof will expand in the heat, then contract when it's cool. The first time that happens, you'll have a leaky roof."

The Capitol Building Commission laughed. "You Yankees will do anything to cut costs," one man accused.

Taylor stomped out of the meeting and into the office of Attorney General James Stephen Hogg. Again he explained the danger of leaking, but Hogg sided with the Commission. Against everything he knew about building, Taylor put on the copper roof.

On the sultry morning of May 6th, 1888, thousands of proud Texans filed through their state capitol. Governor Sul Ross stood in the wings of the magnificent building, giving the dedication. By his side stood Attorney General Hogg.

While Governor Ross praised the Texas ingenuity and competence in building the largest and most magnificent capitol building in America, thunder rumbled outside and low hanging clouds drifted over the capitol dome. Drops of rain splattered on the glass panes, followed by a sudden downpour. A stream of water poured through the ceiling, splashed between the dignitaries, and a concerted gasp rose from the spectators. Their capitol leaked!

Standing in the front row, close enough to see the embarrassment on Hogg's face, Taylor couldn't keep from chuckling. After all the trouble the Capitol Building Commission had given him, the last laugh was on them.

When the crowd dispersed, Attorney General Hogg grabbed Taylor by the arm. "You've got to fix this roof before we accept this building," he boomed indignantly.

The smile faded from Taylor's face. "I told you a copper roof wouldn't work, but you had to have one. Now you've got it. You fix it." Taylor's heels clicked on the polished floors, down the front steps, out onto the grass. The rain had stopped as if it was sent to prove his point.

Cowboys relax from their day's labors in Yellowhouse Canyon, site of the XIT ranch. Taylor accepted the land sight unseen, reasoning any land anywhere was worth 50 cents an acre. Taylor was dead by the time the acreage brought a profit.

Looking at the building, he again felt the embarrassments, sly insults, the pain at the outrageous prices. But lifting his head toward the towering dome, Taylor knew every man is entitled to one impossible dream, and he had made his come true.

It didn't matter that the building was supposed to cost one and a half million dollars and had cost three and a quarter. It didn't matter that the land had cost $1.25 an acre instead of 50 cents. Even the lost profits were forgotten. His vision existed, and this compensated for all the rest.

Still, Abner Taylor's troubles were not over. Texas was having elections in November and Attorney General Hogg made a political issue of accepting the capitol with its leaking roof. Taylor had to repair the roof and hire guards to protect the empty building from May till the elections ended in November, when Hogg finally accepted the building for the state of Texas. After an unbelievable struggle, the title to the three million acres was theirs. All four men turned their efforts to making the ranch operation pay.

Although the next 15 years saw the XIT begin to make ends meet, there was still no profit. In 1901 and 1902, 1,111,000 acres were sold and at last the money poured in. Yet for Abner Taylor, it was too late. He died in 1903.

But Abner Taylor's vision has stood in imposing splendor for all these years—an eloquent tribute to a man who overcame obstacles, forgot profits, and forced an impossible dream into reality. ●

A ranchhand on the XIT ranch. The job had its drawbacks, like owners who were constantly debt-ridden.

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MORAL SLACKERS

(Continued from page 21)

With the help of a friend who lived in the area, the men set to work and in two weeks felled and cut enough lumber for a house. Reverend Taylor describes his work in his own words in his book, *Seven Years Of Street Preaching In San Francisco.*

"My scantlings, which I bought in the rough, split out like large fence rails, I hewed to a square with my broadaxe. I made three thousand and exchanged them with a pit-sawyer for twenty four joists, each seventeen feet long. I bought rough clapboards six feet long and shaved them about as regularly and as smoothly with my draw-knife as if it were a plane. These were for weather boarding. I used similar boards, slightly shaven, for roofing, which were waterproof and very enduring. I bought the doors from a friend at the 'reduced price' of twelve dollars per door; the windows were one dollar per light, twelve dollars for each window.

Hauling my stuff from the redwoods to the landing cost me twenty five dollars per thousand feet. The regular price thence for transport to San Francisco was forty dollars per thousand feet, but by hiring a boat and working with my own hands, I got the work done for less than half that price."

The Reverend Taylor then found a lot on Jackson street, above Powell, for twelve hundred and fifty dollars and under the guidance of a friendly carpenter set about building a home for his family. He hired some carpenter helpers at the rate of twelve dollars per day to help him roof the structure. Friends lent a hand now and then and finally he had a two story house sixteen by twenty feet completed. The cost was only $1491.25.

He made a garden in the back of his home which grew and produced. A cafe owner stopped by one day and begged to buy some of Taylor's fine vegetables. He was given permission to do so at his own price. He filled a water bucket and paid ten dollars for the contents and made repeat trips so long as the garden produced.

Reverend Taylor also raised chickens and sold three for eighteen dollars. Eggs brought six dollars per dozen wholesale and retailed at nine dollars. Taylor also bought a cow which cost him two hundred dollars in Sacramento. Before acquiring the animal he had paid one dollar a quart for milk for his children.

After his arrival in San Francisco in September 1849, Reverend Taylor held services in the little Methodist church "on the hill" and announced that he would preach on the street at Portsmouth Square that afternoon at three.

Wrote Taylor in his book, *Seven Years Street Preaching in San Francisco,* "it was regarded by most persons present, if not all, as a very dangerous experiment; for the gamblers were a powerful and influential party in the city and the Plaza was their principal rendezvous and Sunday the best day of the seven for their business. The Plaza was nearly surrounded by gambling and drinking houses. The gamblers occupied the best houses in the city and had them furnished in the most magnificent style.

"The walls of these houses, (drinking-saloons and gambling) were hung with splendid paintings; the tables contained 'piles' of gold and silver; the musicians occupied a high platform in the rear end of the saloon; the 'needful' was served out by a 'gentleman of the bar,' in one corner, near the entrance, where many a jolly circle drank to each other's health the deadly draught.

"These places, especially at night, all night and on Sunday were crowded with moving masses of humanity, of every age and complexion. So powerful was this class of men in the city, that I do not remember ever hearing of one of them, in those days, being arrested even for murder."

Regardless of the advice of his congregation, Reverend Taylor mounted a carpenter's work bench at 3:00 P.M. on a Sunday afternoon in Portsmouth Square. Seated near him were his wife and another lady. A huge crowd gathered and Taylor started out with a Methodist hymn. Then, before he began his sermon, he practiced what would be called today some good old fashioned psychology.

Smiling, he began, "Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the views and feelings they entertained of California society, when I left there, had heard that there was to be a preaching in Portsmouth Square in San Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion and riot; but we, who are here, believe very differently.

"One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those Stars and Stripes floating on the breeze," here he paused dramatically and pointed to the flag of the United States which hung in the square, then continued, "and who loves the institutions fostered under them — in a word, there's no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God's Word anywhere, and maintain it, if need be.

"We shall have order, gentleman."

He then launched into his sermon, the first of six hundred that he preached on the streets of San Francisco during his stay in the city. And the great throng that heard him that first Sunday was orderly in every respect.

Taylor was possessed of a quick wit and was well able to seize any circumstance that came to hand and turn it to his advantage. Once he preached on the Pacific Street Wharf, standing on a barrel of whiskey for a pulpit.

Undaunted he began, "Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit today, as you see, a barrel of whiskey. I presume that this is the first time that this barrel has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The 'critter' contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me say now to you all, to sailors and to landsmen, never let the 'critter' get above your feet. Keep it *under your feet*, and you have nothing to fear from it."

The next Sunday he made use of a barrel of pork as a pulpit. He began his sermon thus; "I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whiskey, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have gone down the throats of some of our fellow citizens.

"I have, in its stead today, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh."

He then preached a sermon admonishing his congregation to keep subdued the lusts of the flesh in order to attain the happiness of wisdom.

One Sunday, two fruit vendors, hoping to make sales from the huge crowds that always gathered at the street preachings, set up their mobile stands, one on either side of the pulpit. Taylor appeared oblivious to their presence and urged his congregation close to the pulpit. The vendors, one French and one Spanish, were hemmed in the tight circle of humanity before they realized what had taken place. Taylor ascended his pulpit and then shouted, "Grapes, pears, oranges! Gentlemen, you must not suppose that I have any interest in this Sunday traffic in calling you together around it. I hope you will not patronize these Sabbath breakers. You are not so grape hungry but that you can wait until tomorrow, and then during the six days lay in a supply for Sunday. These fellows have set up here, expecting to make a fine speculation out of my audience this morning; but they will find that they have brought their fruit to the wrong market."

By now the fruit dealers had but one desire and that was to vamoose from the scene, but they were so tightly wedged in by the immense throng that they were forced to stand where they were and listen to Taylor's sermon. The crowd refused to let them through so they attended services which Taylor purposely made longer than usual. The vendors made not a single sale to the crowd.

Reverend Taylor was absolutely fearless in attacking the evils of the day. He lashed out at the rum vendors. Once he shouted, "Look at that rum seller. The house in which he lives and from which are the issues of death, once belonged to

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a man of property and respectability. He lived there with his happy family; but the wily 'gentleman of the bar' took advantage of the moral 'imbecility' of his victim, just as the highwayman takes advantage of the physical 'imbecility' of the man he murders and robs. He has long since sent his victim's shattered, bloated carcass to a drunkard's grave. His family is in the poorhouse, daily shedding fountains of tears more bitter than death."

Once when Taylor was asked to preach the funeral of a gambler who had been shot in a fight with another gambler, he agreed after a regular customer of the gambling house told him that it would be a pity to bury the man without any religious ceremony to mark his passing.

A large crowd of gamblers attended the funeral. The Reverend pulled no punches but thundered out on the evils of the profession. Among other things he shouted, "What are you about? What are you doing here in California? Look at that bloody corpse. What will his mother say? What will his sisters think of it? To die in a distant land, among strangers, is bad; to die unforgiven, suddenly, unexpectantly, is worse; to be shot down in a gambling house at the midnight hour—oh horrible! And yet this is the legitimate fruit of the excitement and dissipation, chagrin and disappointment consequent upon your business; a business fatal to your best interests of body and soul, for time and for eternity.

"Again, look at the influence upon society. The unwary are decoyed and ruined. Little boys, charmed by your animating music, dazzled by the magnificent paraphernalia of your saloons, are enticed, corrupted and destroyed to the hopeless grief of their mothers."

His pet peeve was the land shark who preyed upon the sailors. In a special address he exposed their underhanded methods and in his book was an entire chapter, "Shanghaiing the Sailors." He wrote, "The history of the sailor, his isolation from domestic society, and the refinements and luxuries of home, his spirit of adventure, courage, patience, toil, suffering by starvation, cold and shipwreck, confinement in foreign hospitals, adventures among savages and cannibals, his imprisonments and slow tortures, his death by the violence of war and piracy, by the violence of the hurricane that sweeps the ocean and by the more dreadful tortures of wasting famine, has been written in detached fragments on every page of history of commerical nations and especially of our own country.

"The term 'shanghaiing,' is of California origin and was introduced in this way," he wrote. "A few years ago it was very difficult to make up a crew in San Francisco, especially for any place from which they could not get ready passage back to this land of gold.

"Crews could be made up for Oregon, Washington Territory, the Islands, and the ports of South America; for from any of these places they could readily return. Even from Canton they could stand a pretty good chance of a direct run back; but from Shanghai, they must make a voyage around the world.

"That was getting quite too far away from the placers of our mountains. Hence to get crews to Shanghai, they depended almost exclusively on drugging the men. Crews for Shanghai were, therefore, said to be 'Shanghaied,' and the term came into general use to represent the whole system of drugging, extortion and cruelty."

Reverend Taylor then exposed an almost perfect system for hoodwinking and oppressing the seamen, so that he was often robbed, mistreated and often shipped involuntarily in a doped condition. He was even murdered if he dared resist.

"To drown men's souls in rum, to poison, enervate and destroy their bodies and rob them of all their hard earnings, and leave their widowed mothers, wives and children, who are dependent upon them, to beg or starve, is perfect sport for the land shark. The great maneater of the deep is satisfied to get the stray carcass of a sailor occasionally but these land monsters must have soul, body and estate of all the sailors, if possible."

He was equally vehement on the subject of dueling. When his good friend and fearless editor, James King of William, refused to fight a duel with Alfred A. Cohen, Taylor stood behind him and defended him. Later when King assailed James P. Casey's prison record in his newspaper, the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, and as a result was shot by Casey, Taylor sat with the fatally wounded King day and night, and was with him when he died of his wounds.

In 1854 Taylor was requested to preach the funeral of a Colonel Woodlief who had not possessed the courage of James King of William, and who had been killed in a duel with a man named Kewen. Taylor gave his tender sympathy to the victim's family but deplored his lack of courage, as manifested by his acceptance of the fatal challenge. He assailed the *code duello* violently and shouted that those who engaged in duels were guilty of breaking both God's laws and man's.

One Sunday his subject was King David's Fool. He took for his text the words, "the fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God'." He held forth that actions and lives speak louder than words. He attacked the gamblers, the rum-peddlers, sensualists and asserted that their lives proved that they believed in the statement of King David's Fool. He begged the people to recognize the total control of the universe and proclaimed from his pulpit that every human is a subject of the Godly system, and that sooner or later he must bow to it.

Although the Reverend Taylor preached some six hundred sermons upon the streets of San Francisco, he never once allowed a collection to be taken up for his own personal use. Several times when members of the congregation started a collection, he halted them. He refused to have money taken at his street services. He wanted no one to be able to say that he preached for money.

It is also of interest to note that it is to William Taylor that California is indebted for its huge eucalyptus forests. In his own words he relates in his book how he introduced the great tree into his adopted land:

"There were no such trees on that coast when I went there in 1849. I sent the seed from Australia to my wife in California in 1863. Her seed-sowing made such a marvelous growth that a horticulturist neighbor of ours wrote to me to send him a pound of the seed—the smallest of all seeds—and the nurseries, thus seeded, dotted the whole country with great forests of evergreen, the most prominent floral landmarks of the Pacific coast."

As has been noted the Reverend Taylor preached for seven years in the streets of San Francisco. This was the beginning of a career of missionary work that carried him over many foreign lands and lasted for a full fifty years.

His dynamic sermons influenced many lives and gained many converts. A short time before he left California he accompanied a friend and his wife and children to the mountains for a vacation. When Sunday came they suggested that he preach just for them. He pulled no punches, even though the couple were his close friends. He called the wife's attention to her "back sliding" in regard to religion and laid it on the husband for his rough treatment of his little boy and for his use of profanity. At the finish, the husband thanked him for his honesty.

In October, 1856, Reverend Taylor returned with his family to the east and there he preached for three years. He then turned the whole of his energy to pioneering missionary work, establishing missions in Australia, South Africa, and South America. In 1884 he was made missionary bishop of Africa for the Methodist Church, and it was while he was serving in this post that he died.

In frontier California, a land of giant personalities, he was outstanding. A true pioneer minister, he carried the Word and the banner of civilization through the streets of San Francisco. In truth, he played his part in the winning of the west.●

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THE BOXERS VS. THE HIGHBINDERS

(Continued from page 25)

But he wasn't so daft that he was going to stand for the new schoolhouse. All them kids yelling and pestering when he didn't want them; and the school bell clanging away so early in the morning, disturbing his sleep. He believed in waking up gradually, one muscle at a time. To be awakened by a bell was hard on a man's constitution. It was unnatural.

"You fellers all heard them thar school bells janglin'," he told us. "They go 'ping yang! Ping yang!' Just like them fightin' Chinee." And what did them kids need a new schoolhouse for? Couldn't they just hike the two miles to the upper Mohawk like they'd always done? Wasn't a better schoolhouse anywhere than White School. (Upper Mohawk's White School was so named because it was the one with the paint job.) He'd concede they might have to buy a couple more desks.

That was how the Boxer Rebellion came to Mohawk, Oregon. If you believed in what was right (anything Joe believed in) you were a Boxer. But if you were for new schoolhouses and other such unnecessary items that folks had got along without for years, you were of the enemy —a Highbinder.

The Highbinders put up quite a campaign themselves. Leading their cause was a farmer named John Mulkey, a little sawed-off man with a beard so long that he tied it up in a knot workdays to keep it out of the plow. Also, it would have interfered with the squirt of tobacco juice he propelled into the furrows. His wife had a physical distinction of her own, though not a cultivated one. She had one leg that for some reason couldn't bend— maybe it was missing a knee. Anyhow, whenever she was seated, this leg jutted straight out before her and, in a crowded room especially, presented the same hazards as a careless old man's cane.

Mulkey was a man some experienced in persuasiveness, for on months containing 5th Sundays he became the Reverend Mr. Mulkey. Our "church"— the schoolhouse at lower Mohawk—was generally supplied by ministerial students from Eugene, but those extra Sundays were apparently not on the schedule and we were lucky to have a man in our midst who could take over. John Mulkey, in fact, came to consider them his special days, and woe to that preachers' college if they should ever find them on the calendar.

So on those 5th Sundays the Reverend Mr. Mulkey buttoned up his parson's coat and untied his beard, allowing it to flow long and free like those of the prophets. We forgot how short the Reverend was as he stomped back and forth across the width of that old schoolroom, pausing to bang a fist on the bible or point a finger at the congregation.

The Reverend Mulkey could quote scripture or expound on the issues of the day, his cheeks swelling fuller and fuller with his words.

"We are boiling over!" he would shout during our Boxer Rebellion. "There are too many people in the population pot! Especially in the school population pot! The lid is going to blow right off and, Brethren, your children will fly sky high!"

As though illustrating his point, his wad of tobacco burst from the bulging cheeks. He was ready for it. He simply caught it and hurled it across the room. And that was all right too, for lower Mohawk school had a window with a broken pane and it was strategically located for the passage of the Reverend's quid.

Ol' Joe had renamed the Reverend after a Chinese leader of the time. "You folks ain't listenen' to ol' Li Hung Chang, are you?" he would say after services. Maybe Joe himself didn't listen but he was there. Everyone went to church in those days, so all of Mohawk was exposed to Li Hung's views which, generally speaking, only strengthened their own. The pioneers had a high regard for education. Many could do little more than write their names; others couldn't do that well. Even the childless wanted better for the new generation. Joe himself was for education—but not at such close range.

Still there were those who wanted no part of it—settlers far back in the hills and others who opposed the smallest raise in taxes. The battle cry rose and now those smart aleck townfolks in Eugene were calling Mohawk "Ping Yang." The printed election notices bore the name "Ping Yang School District," and several years later when still another school was built across the river it was called "Little Ping Yang."

We voted on the issue and when the tallies were counted it seemed that ol' Joe Huddleston had lost his war. The Highbinders would get their school.

Soon after the edifice was finished a wall was blown out, due to the explosion of giant powder sticks someone had unaccountably stored under the floor. The building was repaired only to be completely destroyed by fire of unknown origin.

For some reason the directors then thought it best to relocate the school some distance away. This building, when erected, remained undisturbed.

No accusations were made, nor even hinted when the investigators came around, but it has always seemed pretty certain to me that if those Boxers on the other side of the globe had had enough sense to send for ol' Joe Huddleston, things would have gone different over there. ●

COPPER KING OF CANANEA

(Continued from page 27)

and pronounced him "not guilty." It cost Greene a fortune to kill Jim Burnett, as for many years after the trial he was still, it was said, passing out money to certain members of the jury who had helped to free him.

Bill Greene had been a ruthless fighting man all his life. At 18 he had left Westchester County in New York State to come west with a government surveying party.

He learned the business of copper mining the hard way; underground at the Wickenburg and Prescott mines in 1877. When scout Jack Dunn found copper outcroppings in the Apaches' backyard down in the Mule Mountains, Greene went along to share in the wealth of "red gold."

It was 1887 before Greene got his opportunity. He had prospected through the Bradshaw Mountains with George Burbank when the Apaches were as thick as fleas. During the times that mining profits dwindled he cut firewood in the Dragoon Mountains and sold it in Tombstone at $14 a cord. Thus he knew the southern part of Arizona, and northern Sonora, well.

During one of his long prospecting trips he rode through the Cananea Range. There he viewed in amazement several abandoned mining properties. For some strange reason he was sure that these mines still held millions in copper. The widow of General Pesquieros gave him an option on the mining claims she owned. Working the mine on a shoe string Greene finally hit a vein of 20% copper ore!

One good look at what he had and George Mitchell of the United Verde in Jerome put up enough funds to start the mine's production. But that was only the beginning. They still needed money—big money—to swing into full development.

Bill went to New York.

Calling himself "Colonel" William C. Greene, he went the whole route in fancy dress and grand manner. Carrying great chunks of red native copper about with him he expounded on the millions in "red gold" being made in Butte and Bisbee. He sold stock like hot cakes, but was careful to retain the controlling interest.

Back in Cananea he installed a huge pipeline and pump to supply his mines with water. A branch line railroad was needed, but the Southern Pacific refused to build it. Greene built it himself for $500,000. Several years later he declined an offer of $2,000,000 from Southern Pacific for that spur.

Then the big bubble burst—the mines ran out of ore. The company was broke, or so every one thought except Bill

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Greene. Taking a big gamble he went east again to sell mining stock. He bought tools and equipment on credit, and hired a private railroad car to take a group of potential backers to the Cananea mines. The nervy gambler bet everything he owned on a mine that had run out of ore!

Dame Fortune still smiled upon him. When he reached Cananea with his crowd of moneyed people, his underground superintendent told him they had run into new veins of copper in almost every tunnel. It was unbelievable.

Millions of dollars poured in from the Cananea mines and Greene invested a large part of it in land and cattle. In no time at all his Ranchos de Cananea ran 55,000 head of cattle; he also grazed 2,400 saddle horses. The ranch covered 400,000 acres and was divided into seven parts. These holdings eventually became the Greene Cattle Company.

At the turn of the century Amalgamated Copper, in an attempt to control the copper market, tried to buy Greene out. When he refused to sell they set out to break him.

The magnates had literature distributed clandestinely among the Mexican workers in Greene's Cananea mines to cause trouble. The ruse was successful, and the miners went on strike, demanding higher wages.

While Greene tried to talk to them someone took a shot at him from the crowd, and Greene shot him dead. Several thousand angry miners, well supplied with mescal by the instigators, swarmed on the town.

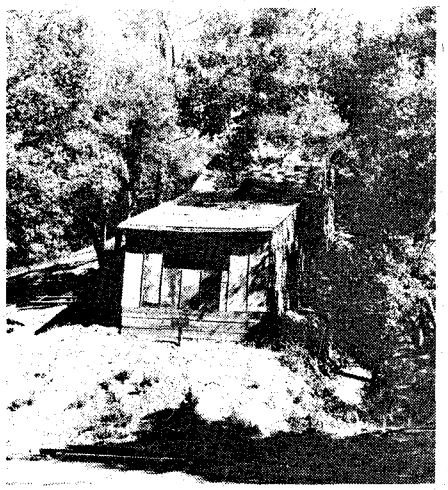
They overran John Metcalf's lumberyard, set it on fire, and killed Metcalf and his nephew. Advancing on the plaza they burned the town as they went.

When the mob reached Greene they found he was surrounded by 11 tough, American miners, all of whom fired on the leader of the mob and literally blew him apart. Then Greene and his men piled into his big touring car and roared away, guns blazing.

The streets were turned into a battleground. Greene wired Bisbee for help and Tom Rynning and his Arizona Rangers came to the rescue. After two full days of bloodshed the famed Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky and his Rurales rode into town. The Colonel ordered anyone who refused to stop fighting to be shot on the spot.

Eventually 60 men lay dead and over 100 wounded. The miners went back to their jobs and Greene raised their pay, so no one really won anything.

Bill Greene's world began to slowly crumble about him in 1904. His wife died, leaving him alone. He buried her in Bisbee beside the Ella who drowned in 1897.



An old copper mine. Bill Greene was a gambler who bet everything he owned on a mine that ran out of ore.

By 1907 Wall Street had gone to work on him in earnest. Rumors were circulated that the stock in Greene's mine was worthless. Consequently the fickle, investing public sold that stock, driving the price down.

To combat the failure of his stock Bill sold the Greene Cattle Company and threw that money in. The panic grew worse, and Greene's bank called for more money. The smaller mines went the way of the cattle company, bringing the total expenditures of the attempt to save his Cananea mines to $20,000,000. But at last the end was in sight, for Greene could raise no more funds. All his requests for loans were denied.

The "Trust" had not reckoned with the man that was Bill Greene. Once he had overcome the terrible urge to destroy the men who caused his ruin his mind began to function again. He still had many powerful friends in Mexico and they would help.

His Mexican friends did help, giving him options on gold, silver, timber, and ranch lands. Now Wall Street would know that they were in for a fight, for Bill Greene didn't know the word "quit."

But the master of fate was lowering the curtain on the fabulous life adventure that had begun on August 26, 1852, in Duck Creek, Wisconsin.

One day Bill emerged, after a shave, from a barber shop in Cananea. While he was climbing into his buggy, the matched team of thoroughbreds were spooked. He managed to get his hand on one rein, but that was not enough. The team ran away, smashing the buggy against the rocks. The copper king had been violently thrown from the vehicle, his skull grievously fractured.

William C. Greene died five days later, on August 5, 1911. Friends buried him in Cananea. Even his enemies would have admitted that Greene was one of the greatest brawlers of the West in the era when copper was king! ●

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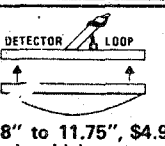

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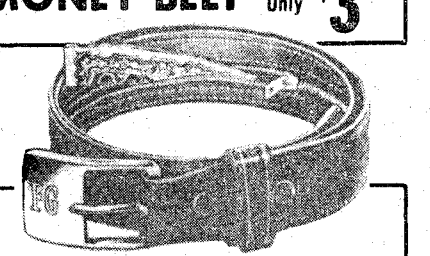

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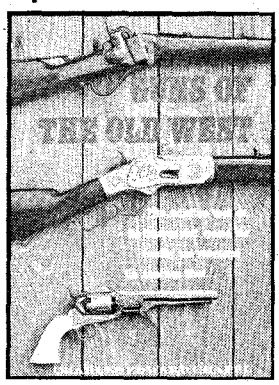

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KIT'S BROTHER—MOSES CARSON

(Continued from page 23)

Between 1826 and 1831 Moses and Kit regularly followed the trails in New Mexico, usually meeting in Taos. Both of them made several trips to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, where they did some hunting and trapping, and where Kit worked on the large adobe trading post soon to be completed. It was during this time that Moses taught Kit as much as he then knew about the ways of the west and the "mountaineers." Kit was an avid student.

In September, 1831, the Young-Dye Expedition left Taos (San Fernando), New Mexico, bound for California. It was fitted out into two companies, one to purchase mules, and the other constituted a trapping party. The latter was meant to catch beaver and other fur bearing animals. Captain Ewing Young was in command of the second group which consisted of thirty-six members in all. Moses B. Carson among them. Young and Moses tried to persuade Kit to join them, but for some reason he declined.

On March 14, 1832, the expedition reached the Pueblo de Los Angeles. Twenty-five years were to pass before "Big Mose" ever set foot in New Mexico again.

The men of the Young-Dye Expedition scattered soon after reaching California. It had been a difficult, dangerous, and unprofitable venture. But for a short time Young, with fourteen men including Moses Carson, entered the San Joaquin Valley and "trapped the King's River. The San Joaquin and other streams of the Sierra Nevada. They lived chiefly on fish, nuts, and elk." Captain Young went on to Oregon where he established a cattle company.

Moses remained for a short period in the Los Angeles region. In early 1833 he and one George Yount appeared at John Work's Hudson's Bay Company camp on San Francisco Bay where they sold to Work the horses they had brought with them.

In applying for Mexican citizenship papers in Los Angeles in 1836 Moses Carson certified that he had been in New Mexico ten years and in California four years, and gave his age as thirty-one. He was then, however, past forty. The first census of the Los Angeles district, taken during that same year, reported..."Here in 1836 were...Moses Carson...he lived here for some years and was a horse trader to the last."

"Big Mose" continued to trap and trade in the general Los Angeles area until 1845; at that time he moved to the Russian River district north of San Francisco Bay, where, sixteen miles above Santa Rosa, he was the overseer upon the great land grant of Captain Henry Delano Fitch. He played an active part in the Bear Flag insurrection of 1846, served in the California Battalion, and was the messenger who announced the capture of Sonoma.

In October, 1846, Big Mose supplied Colonel Fremont's battalion of mounted volunteers "twenty-five horses and saddles and three boxes of percussion caps," valued at $653. He filed a claim upon the Government for this amount, but it was not allowed.

Kit was also serving with Fremont during these years, 1845-46, and he and Moses met on frequent occasions.

After his service with Fremont, Moses returned to the Healdsburg area. His name appeared in the Index to the California Census, 1852, for Yolo and Yuba Counties. During these years Moses made a fortune selling supplies to prospectors drawn to California by gold.

In 1852 and 1853 one finds Big Mose first in Rockport, and then in St. Louis, Missouri. In the latter city Moses "married a young, fast or high-toned widow, Mrs. Geeder (nee Buckhart)." She was "formerly rich," and the newlyweds attempted to manage a hotel." However, "they spent pretty fast what Moses had made in cattle in California." The hotel venture failed, and Moses left for Colorado where he hoped to recoup his fortune. He lived with Jesse Nelson, the husband of Susan Carson, who was a daughter of his half-brother Robert.

In April and May, 1855, Jesse Nelson went on a trapping expedition with the then considerably aged Moses Carson. (Moses had persuaded Kit, in Taos, to supply him with traps and horses, while Nelson furnished his own animals.) They centered their activities around Bent's old fort. This historic structure was then partly in ruins, but two traders from Illinois, Hatwood and Tibbetts, occupied a few rooms which they had fitted up, and were actively engaged in trading with the Cheyennes.

Big Mose and Jesse trapped from below Bent's Fort up the Huerfano River, and over Mosca Pass to Fort Massachusetts and back to the Cucharras River. But Moses didn't make anything at trapping as he was too old and stiff to get around much. Nelson caught all that was to be caught. They returned to Taos and "Moses went to Santa Fe where he lived a long time on credit, charging all his bills up to Kit's account till he had run up bills amounting to $700; Kit paid this all up for old Moses.

Between 1857-58 and 1860 Big Mose experienced his Tucson-James Tevis adventure.

The Daily Evening Bulletin of San Francisco, in July, 1861, repeated an item

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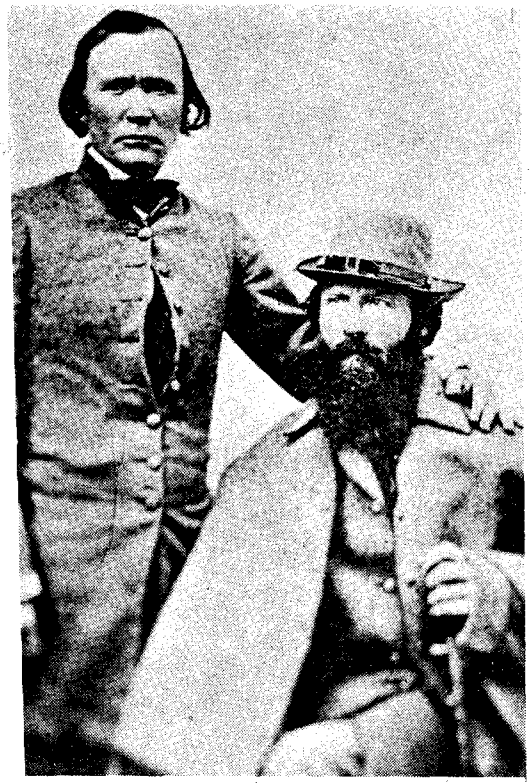

Moses' brother, Christopher (Kit) Carson, met with John Fremont, about January 1849, when Fremont's fourth expedition had broken up.

first printed in the *Mesilla Times* (New Mexico), on June 8, 1861:

"THE CARSONS.—Three brothers of this remarkable family of pioneers and frontiersmen passed through Mesilla this week—Lindsley (*sic*) Carson and Robert Carson who have resided for several years in California, and Moses B. Carson who has resided lately in Arizona. They have pulled up stakes and are on the trail for Texas. Kit Carson, who now resides at Taos, New Mexico, has obtained a greater notoriety than any of the brothers, but they are all celebrated mountain men, and belong to the pioneers of the old school who traversed the vast expanse of country from the Mississippi to the Pacific from 20 to 40 years ago, which was then a wilderness unknown and unexplored."

And, incredible as it may seem, "Big Mose" next appeared in print in 1864, when he was *seventy-two years old*, and apparently still very active. The *Dallas Herald*, on March 16, 1864, reported:

"Col. Dalrymple, who left home on January 10th with a company upon an exploring expedition to the region of Pecon River and the mountains beyond, arrived at home Tuesday evening... The party was 17 in number, including Colonel Dalrymple, Col. David Snively, Judge Hunter, of Coleman County, Dr. McReynolds, Capt. Moses Carson and 12 others..."

This was probably his last expedition. His final years seem to have been spent in Texas, where he died on January 1, 1868, in Eagle Flats, a small mining camp in the mountains about seventy miles southeast of El Paso. (His death place has also been designated as Eagle Flat, Eagle Springs, and/or Eagle View. Eagle Flats was founded about 1885 as a railroad station, and an early Texas map indicates that Eagle Flats was on the Overland Mail Route in 1883. And to climax the entire matter there are those who believe "Big Mose" died in El Paso!).

Nevertheless, on January 2, 1868, the first recorded Masonic funeral ceremony was performed by the Lodge. (El Paso Lodge No. 130, A.F.&A.M.), and the first recorded burial in the new Masonic Cemetery took place. "Bro. Moses Carson, aged 76 years, date of initiation unknown," was laid to rest. By Lodge resolution "his brother" (name not given) was to be notified. According to Lodge records a Mr. A. Hornick made the coffin for the burial, cost $17. Clothes were purchased from S. Schutz and Bros., at an additional cost of $45.87. The Lodge paid all burial expenses. Many years later this first Masonic Cemetery was relocated to become part of the Concordia Cemetery. Supposedly all bodies and headstones were relocated, but there is no marked grave for Moses Carson at Concordia now.

Kit Carson did not attend his brother's funeral, and he himself died just a few months later on May 23, 1868, at Fort Lyon on the Arkansas, in southeastern Colorado.

A cynical observer might acknowledge that once again, for the last time, Moses Carson guided the way for his brother.

But whether or not "Big Mose" was responsible for the training of his now famous brother, Kit, is unimportant. It is also extremely unlikely. Kit was, to all intents and purposes, self-taught. He undoubtedly drew his inspiration from "Big Mose" and his other older brothers and half-brothers. However, men such as Basil Lajeunesse, Charles Bent, and Cerin St. Vrain had much to do with Kit's early life as a trapper, hunter, scout, and guide. And these men, along with the legendary figures of "Old Jim" Bridger, Bill Williams, Baptiste Charbonneau, Pauline Weaver, Jedediah Smith, Jim Beckwourth, etc., all rightfully hold their places in the history of the southwest. Kit and Moses Carson rank right along with them.

These men of the trapper brigades were a unique breed. They were a law unto themselves. But the day of the plow caught up with them and the time arrived for all old mountain men to put up their rifles. Now they are no more, and the world will never see their like again. ●

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SPOKOGEE, I.T.

(Continued from page 39)

this area in 1817. The first S. Morton Rutherford had established a Trading Post on the Verdigris River in partnership with a man named French in that year. From that day to the present there has been an S. Morton Rutherford living in this area. The Rutherford who, with Jesse Hill, was involved in 1902 in a contract with Sparks and Speer was a prominent attorney and a political power. From 1895 to 1897 he had held the United States Marshal's office for the Muskogee District. If anyone was capable of solving the land title problem, he was.

On July 1, 1902, they opened the town of Spokogee for settlement. Lots were offered for $25 each, with the location to be determined by a lottery. The first drawing for location was to be held at noon. It was a gala occasion, with free drinks and barbecue for everyone. Several hundred persons had gathered for the drawing when a fight started between Lon Riddle and Willis Brooks' son John. The fight was quickly broken up by lawyer Jesse Hill and old Captain Tyson, the camp manager. Sam Baker, who was the Brooks boys' uncle by marriage, took exception to their actions and started in to raise regular Cain. The crowd immediately took to the brush and a nearby corn field and business came to a halt.

Morton Rutherford didn't like the disruption of his business, be it by Sam Baker or anyone else. He emerged from the rear of the Real Estate shack and got the drop on Baker with his rifle. He then backed Baker up against a building, telling him off. Cliff Speer, who was nearby, observed that Baker's sixteen-year-old son, who was standing to the rear, had Rutherford dead center in his Winchester sights. Speer quickly intervened, diplomatically shoving down Rutherford's gun barrel. At that the Baker boy's gun barrel also dropped, and Baker withdrew to his wagon where he spent some time gobbling like an Indian.

This day was important to our friend Henry Brooks, also. His relatives had labored unceasingly in his behalf. First the President had been persuaded to commute his sentence to five years. Then, on July 1, 1902, he granted him a full pardon and on that day the penitentiary gates swung open and Brooks hit the ground a free man. He lost no time heading for his old stomping grounds and taking up where he had left off.

It appears that Peg Leg's sojourn as a guest of Uncle Sam had not diminished his expertise at his profession. A very few days after his release he rode in to a farm near Oktaha and tried to arrange for pasture for a herd of horses. The farmer was an old settler in the Creek Nation and recognized Brooks. Knowing what Brooks was, he preferred not to get involved with him. Unfortunately, Brooks had just about used up all his luck in getting out of the penitentiary. When he returned from his very first foray someone wrote the finish to his career. He was bushwhacked and killed at a ford on the North Canadian River.

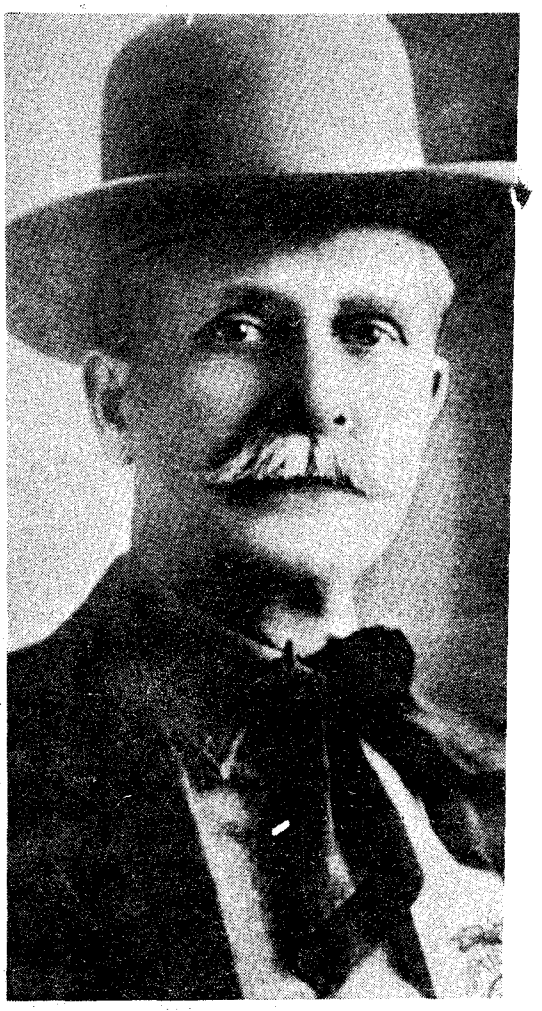
Jim McFarland was arrested for the killing of Henry Brooks and placed in jail at Eufaula. There was not sufficient evidence to hold him for trial, and he was released.

The Brooks people let their sentiments on the matter be known within a few hours after McFarlands release. His horse came home riderless. Examination of his saddle disclosed many bullet marks. It was taken for granted that he had been bushwhacked, and a search was begun for his body. The search continued for several days without results. Just about the time that they decided that he had been buried or thrown in the river, they heard from him. He was in Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico. About the same time, a cattle commission company in Okemah discovered that about three thousand dollars of their money had gone to Mexico with him!

McFarland's flight to Mexico left the marshal's office on the horns of a dilemma. There was no executive department in the Indian Territory. The United States exercised its jurisdiction by treaty with the Indians, or through the District Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Without any prospect of effecting his extradition, it was decided to send a deputy marshal to try to persuade McFarland to return voluntarily.

The deputy marshal had no trouble in locating McFarland, but he was not so lucky in persuading the fugitive to return. McFarland held out for a written guarantee that he would be prosecuted for the theft of the money only. Of course no such guarantee could be given, and the deputy returned alone. A couple of days later McFarland changed his mind and came on back, arriving on August 20, 1902.

There wasn't anything going well for the developers at Spokogee. The new town surely belied its name, which meant "the exalted," or "near to God;" it was the name of the Creek chieftains. The feud between the Brooks and McFarlands cast a pall over the town that it couldn't shake off. One day the Brooks would ride into town and everyone would close up and take cover for fear the McFarlands would ride in and a gun battle would take place. The next day the McFarlands would ride into town and the same thing would happen all over again. In addition to that Willis Brooks was getting more belligerent by the day. He was a good cattleman and he had found a haven here. The water was plentiful, the grass was lush and it was not necessary for him to look back over his shoulder all the time.



Bill Tilghman was the newly elected sheriff of Lincoln County. Henry (Pegleg) Brooks didn't think too much of Tilghman's hospitality, and had acid smuggled into his cell in an unsuccessful break-out attempt.

He did not take too kindly to the intrusion of the railroad and the town springing up practically on his doorstep. It got to where he would throw down on almost anyone at the least provocation.

Under these circumstances the town refused to boom. Jesse Hill, who had remained there to continue selling lots, had become weary of being abused by Willis Brooks. He returned to Muskogee and told his partner, S. Morton Rutherford, that he was not going back until the trains started running through Spokogee.

About the middle of September Rutherford's wife went on a trip out of the Territory, so they decided to go deer hunting. They packed their gear and hit the trail to George Tigers' ranch west of Eufaula. They had hardly got started hunting when the fall rains set in. They

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gave up in disgust and decided on September 21st to go on back to Spokogee. It rained on them all the way, and they bedded down in their office and spent the night there.

It had cleared off on the morning of the 22nd when Rutherford and Hill arose. About nine o'clock they went out to get some breakfast. As they returned to their office they discussed the Brooks-McFarland vendetta and both expressed the desire to see them either get together and fight it out, or have one of them show the feather.

Shortly after their return to the office, Hill looked up to see the McFarlands and the Riddles ride into town. About an hour later Hill again heard a group of riders approaching and looked up to see Willis Brooks and his two boys, Cliff and John, riding in from the south. The older boy, Cliff, was a real hardcase. About two weeks before Sam Baker and Willis had taken him out of the lockup at Eufaula and he was on the skip. The Brooks rode directly to the postoffice and hitched their horses in front.

Old man Riddle had entered the postoffice just a few minutes before the Brooks rode up. Morton Rutherford commented to his partner that it looked like this thing was coming off here and now. He levered a shell into the chamber of his Winchester and walked out and down the side of the shack facing the postoffice.

John Brooks entered first and when he saw Old Man Riddle he brushed against him with his shoulder and then *cuffed him around with his fists.* Riddle started edging toward the entrance. When he got to the door he could see Morton Rutherford at the side of the office shack with his gun. Riddle started running to Rutherford, crying out to him not to let Brooks kill him. He never quite got there. Willis Brooks fired at the back of his head and the bullet literally carried away the back of his skull. As Riddle fell forward, his blood spattered the front of Rutherford's shirt, and his gun barrel.

Sooner or later, usually sooner, every gunfighter almost without exception made that one error that meant finis to an infamous career. It would be extremely hard to try to figure why Willis Brooks, with all his experience, made the mistake that he now made. The only reason we can see is that his backing just was not of the caliber he was accustomed to. When Old Man Riddle fell, he was obviously mortally wounded. Yet Brooks wasted precious seconds pumping *two more shots* at his prostrate form, neither of which took effect. The only purpose served was to give the McFarlands time to get off a fusillade of lead.

The firing was general for about a minute and then everything became as still as a graveyard. No one was visible on the streets.

When most of the smoke cleared away Cliff Roberts, who was writhing in agony on the ground, gave out a dying gasp and fell back dead. Willis was lying lifeless at the corner of the postoffice, a goodly number of empty shell casings attested to his determination not to leave this Vale of Tears alone. John Brooks was found sitting in the back door of the postoffice, shot through. He recovered and lived until the nineteen-fifties.

Jim and Joe McFarland and Alonzo Riddle surrendered to Attorneys Rutherford and Hill. They were placed in the back room to wait for the arrangements to be made to take them to Eufaula. A rider was dispatched to Eufaula to have the deputy marshal there meet them on the road and take custody of the prisoners. Adherents of the Brooks' had began to gather around where the prisoners were being held. Most of them were armed with Winchesters and they were in an ugly mood.

About two-thirty in the afternoon, a buggy pulled up in front of the Real Estate office. Rutherford armed his partner with the guns of the dead Brooks. He then got an empty dry goods box and got up on it and addressed the throng that had congregated. He told them, "These men have surrendered to us and we are going to see that they are turned over to the officers in Eufaula. If anyone tries to interfere, someone is going to get killed."

He then turned to Jesse Hill and told him to bring out the prisoners. They met Negro Deputy Marshal Grant Johnson about half-way to Eufaula about dark. The prisoners were turned over to him without incident.

The two McFarlands and Alonzo Riddle were tried for their part in the shooting. All were acquitted, but the reprieve was short-lived for Jim McFarland. About two months later he was ambushed and killed as he was sitting in a buggy with a woman companion. The death of Jim McFarland closed the books on another bloody episode that was perhaps indicative of an era in our history.

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SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

(Continued from page 42)

Running out of things to throw, Shinn looked about for more rocks. He picked up one slightly imbedded stone and saw the square end of a piece of metal sticking out underneath. He picked it up. It measured five by seven inches, with small square notches on the center of the long sides, and a hole roughly punched in one corner. Shinn later explained that when he first saw the metal plate he thought it was iron and because it was about the size to patch a hole on the inside of his automobile he tossed it into the back seat of the car.

And here the fantastically important piece of metal lay for more than a month, with no thought being given it. Then one day Shinn decided to undertake the repair work and patch that hole now that he had a suitable piece of metal for the job. While inspecting the plate, he noticed what seemed to be some writing on the face of it. Taking it into his house, Shinn scrubbed it with cleanser and a stiff brush. Even with some of the patina cleaned away and the inscription apparent, Shinn couldn't decipher it or decide what to do with it. He showed it to several of his friends, one of whom managed to decipher the word "Drake." At that point someone suggested that Shinn contact the nearby University of California, particularly Dr. Herbert Bolton, then director of the famed Bancroft Library.

"As soon as the plate was described to me, I suspected what it was," Dr. Bolton said afterwards. Naturally he was excited with the prospect of such a historical treasure being located but he went about the task of authenticating it as an able scholar would. The learned historian unravelled what at first glance was a tangled mass of threadlike engravings in the plate. When he had finished, the message that no white man had seen for 358 years lay before him.

"Bee it knowne unto all men by these presents June 17, 1579. By the Grace of God and in the name of Herr Maiestie Queen Elizabth and herr sucessors forever, I take possession of this kingdom whose king and people freely resigne their right and title in the whole land unto herr Maiesties keepeing now named by me and to bee knowne unto all men as Nova Albion. G. Francis Drake."

Though the silver sixpence had disappeared, a similar coin of the period, when inserted into the hole, fitted perfectly.

Dr. Bolton announced: "One of the world's long lost historical treasures . . . has been found!"

Various historical societies rejoiced, then some doubt began to creep in. Was this the real Drake Harbor? The plate did seem to indicate that Drake had indeed entered San Francisco Bay and that the later Portola explorers were not the first white men, to see the Bay. But soon another curious chapter in this fabulous book of history was written.

A San Francisco chauffeur named Bill Caldeira read the account of the find. He then announced that about four years previously he had driven his employer to a spot along the shore of Drake's Bay to hunt. While waiting for his employer to return, Caldeira wandered down a dirt road. He came to a cross-road about a mile or so inland from Drake's Bay. There he scuffed over a clod of dirt. Some mud fell away, exposing a piece of metal.

Caldeira thought it might be useful for repairs and washed it off in a nearby creek. When it was cleaned he saw some incised writings which he later described as "foreign writings of some sort." That piqued his interest enough to show the small plate to his employer.

"Probably off some ship," he shrugged after inspecting the plate.

Here again the plate was nearly lost to posterity. It was thrown carelessly into the car, where it rattled around for several weeks. Caldeira at length tired of the noise and pitched it out near where Shinn ultimately found it. (The locations don't tally exactly, but scientists believe it may have been moved by a succession of small boys "skipping" it across the sand.)

Though he was not interested in financial reward, the plate was ultimately purchased from Shinn and intensive tests were undertaken. Examination showed that plant cells in the grooves had become mineralized, a process which takes hundreds of years. The patina from the plate matched the various soils, the metal was dated as contemporary with Drake and an Elizabethan sixpence fitted firmly into the hole.

After six months of study, a report was issued which said in part: "It is our opinion that the brass plate examined by us is the genuine Drake Plate referred to in the book, 'The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake' published in 1628."

Though the plate is safely and permanently harbored in the Bancroft Library, there are still some puzzling aspects to the find. And since there is an enormous treasure still unrecovered, there is more than a passing interest in exactly where Drake erected the great "firme post" and "brasse plate."

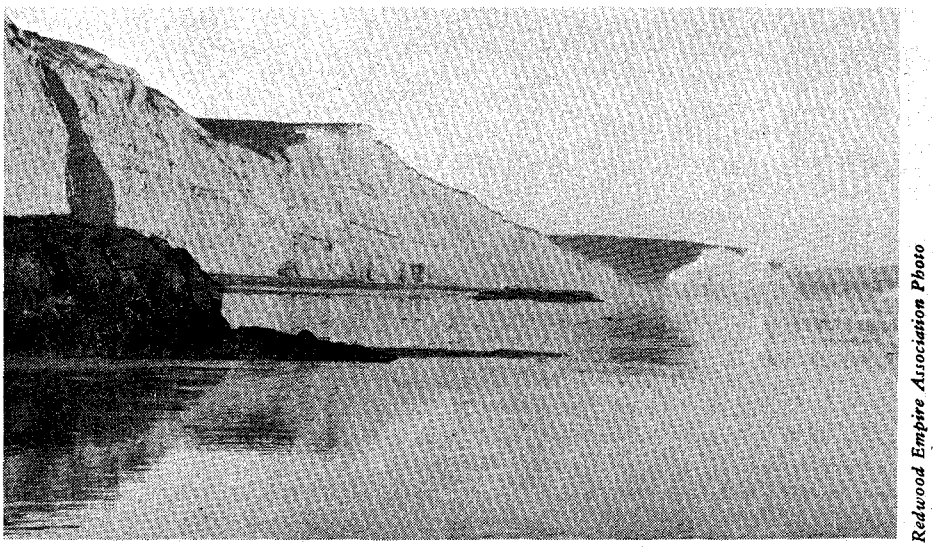
Members of the Drake Navigator's Guild have undertaken a search for the exact spot, uncovering nothing more than some pieces of 16th century Chinese porcelain and some iron spikes, which skeptics point out might have come from other ships wrecked near the site.

A new tack was tried: the navigational approach. Drake was an expert navigator and even though the summer of 1579 had been too foggy to get a perfect "fix" he had made an accurate latitude reading which checks with the present Drake's Bay. (or Estero). On the surface, it seems unlikely that Drake would have chosen this small lagoon for anchorage. But by studying tidal charts for 1579 and contemporary air photos, Guild experts found that currents have shaped and reshaped the bay over the centuries so that it may very well have been the "fit harborough" shown on Hondius charts. By careful analysis and elimination, it seems likely that the site now known as Drake's Bay is the authentic site of the careenage.

But to the consternation of everyone, a few months ago a sixpence clearly dated and authenticated 1573 turned up in a San Francisco coin collection. Though its discovery has not been fully confirmed at this time, it is known the ancient coin was found in Marin County between 1905 and 1915 by a resident of San Francisco who is now deceased.

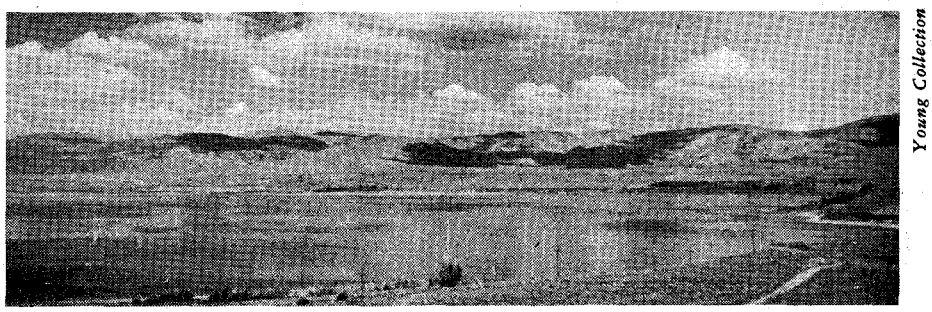
But what happened to the 40 tons of gold and treasure that the journals of Drake's voyage stated had been buried in California? There is no record that any such gold or treasure was unloaded in England when Drake arrived there.

So this gold must still be in California and is certainly worth trying to find. ●



Redwood Empire Association Photo

Striking view of Sir Francis Drake Bay in Marin County, California.



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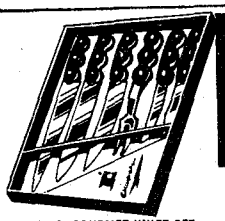

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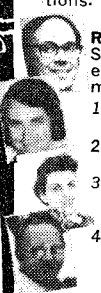

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THE ROAD-RUNNER

(Continued from page 38)

pattern causing the bird to blend with the background of twigs and stems and shadows.

Unlike most wild birds, the female road-runner often fails to lay all her eggs at the same time. And so the nest may contain one or two freshly laid eggs, and one or two more that are nearly ready to hatch, along with perhaps one newly hatched young, and another young that is about ready to leave the nest. The babies are covered with a bare, black, wrinkled skin. Both parents feed the babies, bringing them lizards especially. The southwest is the home of many lizards that scamper over the sand rapidly, but not fast enough to escape the adult road-runner, which pecks the reptiles to death. The adult road-runner jams the dead lizard headfirst down the baby's throat. Of course the adult road-runners will eat lizards, too, as well as insects, mice, and other small game. The road-runner does not build a cactus fence around a rattlesnake, but will kill and eat a small snake of any kind, even a rattler. The main foods, however, are lizards and grasshoppers.

In the winter, the road-runners stuff themselves with egg-cases of the praying mantis, an insect that leaves its eggs in little packets stuck to twigs. Unlike so many birds, the road-runner does not migrate; it stays in its usual haunts all winter, and can stand a temperature that falls below zero.

Westerners like the road-runner. They regard it as amusing to watch, and helpful on account of its habit of eating insects and snakes. It is protected by several game laws. New Mexico has adopted it for the state bird. The illustration that accompanies this article is reproduced from a painting that hangs in the office of the Governor of New Mexico as the road-runner's "official" portrait.

A close look at the illustration will reveal the road-runner to have unusual feet. In most birds, the foot has three toes pointing forward and a fourth pointing backward. But in the road-runner (as in all the cuckoos), two point forward and two backward. Accordingly, the footprint is an X-shaped mark; and when the bird runs over soft sand, the trail it leaves is a series of X's.

Some Indian tribes of the West were impressed by the road-runner's toes, which point in both directions, one pair coming and the other pair going. When someone died, these Indians would draw a symbol of the road-runner's track, to prevent evil spirits from following the path of the departing soul. According to the red man's legend, the evil spirit would be confused by the symbol, and could not tell which way the soul was going! ●

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 6)

BRENDA MILLS (15)
Rt. 1 Box 1225
Sandy Ore. 97055
INTERESTED IN: Everyday farming in the Old West.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

MARGARET-ANNE MOORE (32)
24602 South Lakme
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WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

GEORGE BRADFORD (40)
R.R. 2
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WANTED: Those interested in forming an arrowhead association.

LOUISE CARTER (42)
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WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because of the interest expressed by our readers in contacting other readers of GOLDEN WEST and THE WEST, we are starting a Penpals column. If you'd like to hear from folks with similar interests, just clip out this form, fill it out, and send it to "Penpals", Stagecoach Publishing Co., Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Penpals will contact you directly since your address will be listed. If you want to contact any of the people requesting Penpals—do not send your letters to this magazine. We want to hear only from people requesting penpals. There'll be no charge for listing you.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ **Zip:** _____

Age: _____

Special Interests: _____

_____

_____

Want to hear from: _____

Interested in: _____

_____

OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 11)

ment and his family to the hills and got a lease on some very good timber land.

Being involved in setting up the mill and other preparations left him with no time to build a cabin, so they set up a tent and brought in some camp equipment.

I said I had heard of them but up to that time I had not had the experience of meeting one.

He proceeded to explain his theory of the wolves which, from the best authority I can get since, was pretty exact.

He said the lobo was a denizen of the prairie. He depended on his strength and speed to survive and control the rolling country. They generally roamed in packs and quite often lived for weeks on ground squirrels, hares and prairie chickens, but could bring down a full grown horse or cow by running up close behind them and biting the tendons in the back of their lower leg just above the hoof, an action known as "ham stringing," rendering them completely helpless. They then dispatch them at their leisure and then the feast. All wolves use this tactic, however.

He then told me of the timber wolf, which is a lot lighter than the lobo, with larger feet for mobility on the soft snow.

They are dark as a natural camouflage in the timber. However, he said the timber wolf seemed to be the shortest tempered, meanest of the lot.

The arctic wolves, however, came down from farther north, either because of early snows or the loss of natural food. As a rule they never came that far south.

He said us ranchers should prepare for a long, hard winter as the few times he had known of the Arctics coming so far south it had been murder.

Prepared or not, we had a hard winter following this incident and the ranchers lost lots of cattle.

The trappers asked me if I would notify the authorities of a man caught in a bear trap not too far from their camp. I said, "Why don't you ride in and call them? I don't wish to get involved in other people's affairs."

Then they told me why they didn't wish to have anything to do with the law. The older man was a dope addict and the law would not take their word for anything.

I asked young Jack if he would show me where this fellow was located. He did. We found him where he had apparently attempted to set a large, toothed bear trap which had apparently been previously set as it had been tied hard and fast to a small pine tree.

A bear trap spring can only be sprung open by a clamp as the spring is powerfully strong and, after setting the trap, the clamps must be left within reach in case some other person fell into it.

But in this case it was plain to see the man apparently fell in his own trap. One of the clamps was still on the trap, having the spring on one side mashed open. Apparently (now this was according to later findings) he had both the clamps on and springs down. Then somehow he had slipped and shoved his hands in the jaws and one clamp then slipped off the spring.

Anyway, I went to the telegraph station and called the sheriff. He came out and met with me and other cowpokes I had gathered the next day. With him was the county coroner. We all rode to the scene and proceeded to have a hearing on the affair, which was the usual procedure when there was any kind of an accident in the back country. We saw where he had eaten most half way through the tree with his teeth trying to get free. We also saw signs as if he had tried to bite off his hands.

It looked as though he had been dead for several months and we never did find out who he was or where he came from for sure. He had drifted in from nowhere and it seemed as though if he had a family they never knew where he went. He was buried in potters field and the incident was soon forgotten.

As for the Sr. and Jr. Jack, they too drifted on as they then had a habit of doing and were never again heard of. The same happened with the wolves and other fur bearing animals. They just seemed to disappear.

However, I hear they have noticed some black-eyed marten in that area. I thought they, like the wolves and the old breed of trapper, had disappeared from the face of the earth.

Who knows, maybe someday we will awaken and see again the ghosts of the past. ●

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THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LETTERS IN OUR FILES FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND SUCCESS AS DURACLEAN DEALERS. (IN ANOTHER YEAR YOUR STATEMENT COULD BE HERE, TOO.)

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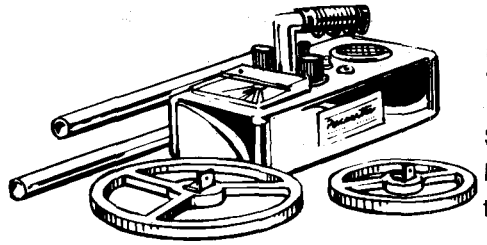

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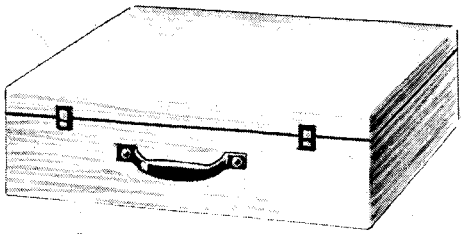

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